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NOTES.

WHEN Parliament met every one was on the tiptoe of expectancy. It was generally feared that we had received a rebuff in China of a very serious character, and the large carelessness with which France had brushed aside our protest and put an end to our trading with Madagascar had made most of us anxious. Exact knowledge of the facts has now diminished the general nervousness. The calmer tone of public opinion has been ascribed to the reassuring effect of the speeches of Ministers. This is not the fact, it is indeed rather the converse of the fact. Lord Salisbury was in his most pessimistic humour, and his exasperatingly self-satisfied lieutenant in the Lower House was content for once to defend his chief's policy without crowing; "in face of all these great and almost unexampled difficulties the Government are doing their best to sustain the honour and credit of this country"—so Mr. Curzon phrases the unpleasant truth.

For it is impossible now to disguise the fact that our diplomacy has lately sustained a series of humiliating checks. Lord Salisbury may still defend the action of the Concert with regard to "our old friend Crete," but he cannot help admitting that "the state of things (in the island) is a scandal to Europe," and part of the disgrace must be charged to our confessed impotence. In the same way Lord Salisbury can say something in defence of the treaty we have made with France about Tunis, but that we did not come well out of the bargaining is too clear. With regard to Madagascar, even Lord Salisbury's contemptuous equanimity broke down completely; "We have grounds for discontent," he said, "with the treatment which we have received in this matter at the hands of the French Government. We have protested against it very strongly, and we conceive that the adverse tariff now being inflicted on us is a tariff which the French Government according to the ordinary rules of international comity are not entitled to enforce."

These are serious words, and Lord Salisbury emphasised their gravity by adding, "I do not know whether the noble Lord blames me for not having gone a step further." If words mean anything, these words imply intense irritation, and the suggestion that a resort to force has been contemplated by our Government. Lord Salisbury, it is true, treated the failure of our negotiations with China in his most cynical humour; Ta-lien-wan was no good as a port, and he did not like lending money, as the number of borrowers might become inconvenient. But Sir Edward Grey showed a juster view of the relative importance of things, when he said in the course of his statesmanlike but dull reply to Mr. Curzon, that "this Far Eastern question is the most serious in foreign politics." And there is now no doubt that we did ask the Chinese Government to make Ta-

lien-wan a free port, and that they refused, and that our offer of a loan to them has not been accepted. The moral of it all is that since the concluding of the Franco-Russian alliance our diplomacy has suffered a series of defeats in almost every quarter of the world.

Such defeats are, of course, annoying; but they should not make us lose our tempers, much less our heads. Above all they should not make us pray with Sir Ashmead-Bartlett for an alliance with Germany. Germany, as we have again and again pointed out, is our real enemy because she is our only serious trade and commercial rival; and because, in a war with Germany, we stand to win heavily at an infinitesimal cost. But, then, some may ask, "Are we to go on allowing France and Russia to limit our trade and infringe our rights while contenting ourselves with empty protests and futile remonstrances?" But we can surely act in concert with France and Russia, or if Russia be unwilling, we need only hint to France that we, too, regard Germany as an enemy, and all French provocation of us would cease immediately. In venturing these suggestions we are well aware that we are criticising the directors of our foreign policy. But we have never believed that Lord Salisbury was a heaven-sent Foreign Minister, and advancing years seem to have further diminished his power of initiative in action.

Lord Salisbury's whole speech was couched in the spirit of the wearied Titan. We must not "overtax our strength;" "however strong you may be, whether you are a man or a nation," that would be "madness and ruin;" "rashness has in more than one case in history been the ruin of nations as great and powerful as ourselves." But Lord Salisbury should remember that the cases of a man and a nation are not parallel; that though he is old, England is young, and that nations have a power of self-renovation denied to individuals. English diplomacy should have at once a calmer and a nobler tone. Confronted by Lord Salisbury's dispiriting utterances, it is not to be wondered at that Sir Charles Dilke recalled Lord Randolph Churchill's gibe, "that the foreign policy of the Conservative party in England is to talk Jingo and act Manchester." It really does seem at times as if Mr. Labouchere was right when he declared that Lord Salisbury and he were the only two Little Englanders left.

Reuter has telegraphed that Paul Kruger has once again been elected as President of the Transvaal Republic, and though the telegram is premature, inasmuch as the official result has not been made public, still the fact in itself is so probable and the figures given so reasonable that we may accept the news as true. The figures are given as Kruger 12,764, Schalk-Burger 3716, Joubert 1943; and even in Johannesburg the President is said to have polled 721 votes as against

333 for Mr. Burger, and 52 for General Joubert. It was rumoured that Kruger's return would cause a fall in the value of South African mining securities. But those who reckoned in this way forgot that the mines have already experienced the wildest extremities of President Kruger's dislike, so that a fall was not to be expected, and the leading mine-owners would, it seems to us, have been very badly advised if they had engineered an artificial fall which could do nothing but further exasperate the very obstinate old man who holds so much of their future in his hands.

It is evident now that the state of affairs in the Transvaal is not likely to improve for some time to come; but neither do we imagine that it will become worse than it is at present. Instead of a majority of only 700, as he had in the previous election, Kruger's majority has been increased more than tenfold, and as his selfish fears of being superseded have been dispelled, we may expect him to be a little fairer if not more generous to the chief industry of his country. But then there is the ugly dispute with the judges which the Chief Justice is determined to get settled, and there is the disquieting fact that, according to Hofmeyr, Mr. Chamberlain has sent another of his "irritating and provocative" messages to the old President. It really looks as if both President Kruger and Mr. Chamberlain were seeing which could surpass the other in crass unwisdom.

It has been stated again and again in the Radical Press that Mr. Gladstone is suffering from facial neuralgia. His ailment is spoken of as a sort of natural infirmity of increasing years. As usual, the "Daily Chronicle" has put forward this view with much circumstance. We hear, however, on what should be good authority that Mr. Gladstone is suffering from a specific complaint, which some specialists call necrosis of the bone of the nose, while others fear cancer. Whatever the complaint be, it is causing his numberless admirers and friends the gravest concern. Every Englishman we are sure feels the deepest sympathy with the sufferer, who, whatever his faults as a statesman may have been, will assuredly live in history as one of the finest and most interesting of Parliamentary figures.

Speaking in the Lower House with respect to Madagascar, Mr. Balfour, when pressed, said there was there "an unsolved difference of opinion upon a very important question." But he added, "We have no power in this particular matter to enforce our own views, and there the matter rests." No wonder Sir Charles Dilke called this "a most dangerous policy for this country," in face of a fresh series of preconcerted aggressions in China. The world is now officially informed that when a foreign Power is guilty of a breach of the "comity of nations" towards this country the accepted course is for Downing Street to send a "strong and peremptory dispatch," of which the hostile government takes no notice, and "There the matter ends." And then Lord Salisbury complains that "the kind of reputation we are at present enjoying on the Continent of Europe is by no means pleasant or advantageous." We should think not indeed! It is no wonder that the Young Tories have been wandering moodily about the lobbies and praying for one hour of Lord Randolph Churchill. On the Opposition side there was no sign of light and leading except from Sir Charles Dilke and Sir Edward Grey. Sir William Harcourt's views are about as important as those of Sir Wilfrid Lawson or Mr. Labouchere.

Ireland is bound to play a large part in the session's debates, the distress in a few Western Unions, the Report of the Irish Land Acts Commission and the Local Government Bill supplying texts for a quite indefinite amount of declamation. The distress came first and the debate on that subject inaugurated by Mr. Davitt affords Mr. Gerald Balfour an opportunity for showing that he has learnt one lesson in Ireland, and that is under no circumstances to grant lump sums to local boards of guardians for vague purposes of "relief." As Mr. John Morley admitted in his speech on Wednesday, his experiment in that direction in 1886

led to "disastrous and grotesque" results. Men who are able to administer their own rates with a considerable amount of thrift and judgment quite lose their heads when there is "Government money" in the air; the lying, cadging spirit spreads like a plague and the invariable result is to bring the Union affected to the verge of insolvency. There are one or two that we could name that have not yet got over the evil results of the policy of 1886. For the present outdoor relief will be extended and facilities afforded for the Unions and the Congested District Board to promote public improvements that will give employment to local labour, and in the spring seed potatoes will be supplied.

As for the Land Question, there will be a demand on the Government from the landlord side to modify the constitution and procedure of the Land Commission in accordance with the report of Sir Edward Fry and his colleagues, but we hardly see what the Government can do. The procedure is faulty and unjust, because the Commissioners have an impossible task set them, that of fairly settling the private contracts of a nation. Any alteration now means further delay and uncertainty where every friend of Ireland can only wish for continued progress in the process of transforming the tenants into owners of their farms on terms just to the landlords. Nothing was clearer to those who attended the sittings of the Fry Commission than that the method of the Sub-Commissioners in fixing rent was simply to "take a shot" at what they thought was a fair average reduction for the district, and if we give them definitions and rules by the dozen it will not make the slightest difference. They will go on striking a "live-and-let-live" average all the same, and then divide the fair rent into items to satisfy the desire of the authorities for a detailed schedule.

The West Indian sugar industry is considered by the Ministry to be more valuable than the feelings of the dreary persons in England who would allow colonies to go to ruin rather than see the Free Trade fetish stripped of its power to terrorise. The Speech from the Throne noted in the European States which grant bounties on the production of sugar "a growing opinion that this system is injurious to the general interests of their population," and Her Majesty's Ministers hope to have a conference with the Governments of those States, "which may result in the abolition of the bounties." Meanwhile, the Government is arranging measures for the relief of the immediate necessities of the colonies. On Wednesday night, under the presidency of Mr. W. E. Tomlinson, M.P., representatives of "all branches of labour connected with sugar industries at home and abroad" urged that the measure of relief should be a system of "defensive countervailing duties." The objections to that method were so convincingly stated by the Colonial Secretary that the relief is more likely to be through the simple means of a subsidy. The main need is that, whatever its form, the measure of relief should be applied without delay.

The opening of Parliament brings along with it the session of Convocation: the two bodies, it may not be generally known, retain this survival of their old intimate connexion, that Convocation sits when Parliament sits, and is dissolved along with the latter. There are two or three thorny subjects to come before the ecclesiastics for their consideration. In particular, the Deans of St. Paul's and Chichester, with the Archdeacon of London, want to get back the 972 Church schools which have been handed over to the school boards. We have always thought the policy of transfer was very short-sighted on the part of the parsons; it would have been better simply to close the schools, as day-schools, altogether. But we fancy they may whistle now for their alienated buildings.

No scheme of Church Reform can be complete which does not include a reform of Convocation, in the direction of largely decreasing the predominant official and cathedral element, and enlarging the representation of the parochial clergy, including those whom we will still venture, at the risk of Dr. Thackeray's wrath, to describe as curates. Moreover, the House of Laymen

should be made a reality. We are glad to see that parochial Church councils are to be discussed; but without definite statutory powers all these bodies are merely respectable debating societies.

The "Daily Chronicle" recently published the following table, wherein we find set forth the most important facts concerning the prisons of Birmingham and Düsseldorf. We regard this as one of the most important sociological documents which we have come across of late years:—

	Birmingham.	Düsseldorf.
Daily average number of prisoners	458	524
Number of staff	58	44
Yearly expenditure for staff	£6635 13s.	£3188
Total yearly expenditure for prisoners	£2914 15s.	£4343 14s.
Victualling of prisoners.....	£1469 13s.	£2988 6s.
Fuel, light, water, soap ...	£902 15s.	£811 16s.
Clothing of prisoners, bedding, furniture, utensils, &c.	£497 16s.	£584 13s.
Expenditure for victualling of each prisoner per day.	2d.	3 1-3d.
Average annual salary of officers	£114 6s.	£72 9s.
Daily expenditure for staff per head of prisoners	9½d.	2d.
One officer costs as much as	17 prisoners	9 prisoners
Real income from the work of prisoners	—	£2420 8s.
Total cost of the prison for the State	£9550 8s.	£5477 17s.

Nothing could give a better bird's-eye view of the social constitution of the two countries than this table. Observe the parsimony with which the officials are treated in Germany, where the keen practical instincts of the great Frederic still constitute a living tradition. In England, thirty per cent. more officials are employed at far higher wages to do less work. Then notice how humanely prisoners are treated in Germany in comparison with English meanness, and lastly the net result, that the prison costs in Germany only a little more than half what it costs in England. And yet we pretend to be a practical, humane, and Christian people.

The Attorney-General says he really means this time to get the Prisoners' Evidence Bill passed into law, and as for years past all that has been wanted for that most desirable end was a little earnestness and push, we may take it that the thing is as good as done. Sir Herbert Stephen still stands undaunted as the leader of the small band of intransigent opponents ("and if there were only one I should be that one"), but the cause of common sense and common justice is bound to prevail. On this point we note with pleasure the proposed formation of a "Romilly Society" for promoting the reform of the criminal law. We do not know what the views of its promoters are on the subject of prisoners' evidence, but most of the points in their published programme, such as the creation of a Ministry of Justice and of a Court of Appeal in criminal cases, together with a general reform in our method of treating our prisoners, tried and untried, are such as have our warmest sympathy.

The Concert of Europe is once more out of tune, and the Tsar refuses to conduct the orchestra any longer. As we noted last week, he proposed that Prince George of Greece should be made Governor of Crete. He thought that this Dano-German gentleman's election would "satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the Cretan Christians and assure the pacification of the entire Hellenic people." France, Italy, and England supported the Tsar; but the Sultan did not see eye to eye with him and them. Not unnaturally, he thought that there were aspirations to be considered other than those of Cretan

Christians. The Sultan was supported by Austria and Germany. Those Powers did not exactly stipulate for a Turk in governance, which was the Porte's view of justice; but they would not have Prince George. Consequently, as has been officially announced from St. Petersburg, "having fully declared her views, Russia no longer insists upon the solution which she proposed. If any of the other Powers can recommend an issue out of the difficulty capable of satisfying all parties concerned, the Russian Government will certainly not withhold its consent." Thus does Prince George follow M. Numa Droz, Colonel Schäffer and the Woiwode Bozo Petrovitch into private life as far as Crete is concerned. The only solution of the difficulty which we ourselves can suggest is the nomination by England of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. He is at once a Christian and a Turkophile.

The Duke of Devonshire declared definitely for "fusion" in his speech to the Liberal Unionists on Thursday night, or, to put it more correctly, he declared that the fusion had already taken place, but that it was still expedient for the sake of a few of the weaker brethren to permit a "dual organization" to exist within the Unionist party, although, so far as the leaders were concerned, they did not see the necessity for such diversity in unity. When the "younger men" came to the front they would soon grow tired of "distinctions in names and words which had ceased to represent things." Throughout he spoke (and he spoke from elaborate notes and with great deliberation) of one party with two "branches" or "sections." It is clear that, so far as the Duke is concerned, the fiction of the two groups loosely joined in a temporary alliance on the one point of Home Rule is at an end, and that he recognises only one Unionist party which can no longer be kept in a state of local irritation by names and words and friction-producing "compacts."

President Deléorgue having refused to put to Mme. Dreyfus the first question suggested by Maître Labori, M. Zola's counsel, with regard to Commander du Paty de Clam's attitude towards and treatment of her, we propose to supply the desired information as it came from Mme. Dreyfus' lips in the first instance. Immediately after Dreyfus' arrest and incarceration, Commander or Major du Paty de Clam who, to all his other names, adds that of Mercier, showing him to be a relative or godson of the then Minister for War, presented himself at Dreyfus' domicile, provided with a search warrant. He was accompanied by M. Cochefert, the head of the Paris detective force. The search having led to nothing, the latter disappeared, leaving the coast free to the soldier, who for seventeen days bullied and browbeat Mme. Dreyfus. He not only left her ignorant of the nature of the charge against her husband, but refused to reveal his whereabouts. According to him, no one save the Minister for War and those entrusted with the preliminary inquiry were to know what had become of Dreyfus. If Mme. Dreyfus breathed a word of what had happened to any member of her family, her husband would be irrevocably lost; the only means to save him was unconditional silence. This is the truth—the mean and scandalous truth. The French reckon the result of the Franco-German war a disgrace. In the eyes of all Europe, however, France has suffered no disgrace like the Dreyfus and Zola episodes. To have no Minister strong enough to stand out against the populace, to have no judge just and honest enough to do his work regardless of the Ministers—no greater disgrace than this can befall a nation.

Some one has been very indiscreet with regard to the expedition to the Upper Nile which Mr. S. H. S. Cavendish has organized. If Mr. Cavendish had been wise he would have set off on his journey before Parliament met, but we cannot believe that he will be allowed to go his way now that an interview has disclosed his little game. It appears that he is taking with him eight or ten officers, two of whom are doctors and two artillerymen. He is also taking 350 Lee-Metfords, and will be accompanied by an escort of some 400 armed Somalis, and 400 camels. An equipment to provide against

all contingencies for some four years, completes the public catalogue, but we have private information that a few Maxim guns are to be added for use in case of emergency. Mr. Cavendish's expedition looks very like a raid upon the districts of the Upper Nile, and with our past experience of raids—for instance, the lamentable *Sus* expedition discussed in our columns last week—we should be chary of allowing such an expedition as this to set forth. Bibles and rifles must not be allowed to take the place of Bibles and rum.

The City Corporation having lost its action against the Postmaster-General to restrain the latter from opening up the streets for the benefit of the National Telephone Company, it is more than ever necessary that Parliament should intervene in the matter. No one can deny that the telephone service in London is not only inefficient, but also far too costly. Liverpool pays only ten guineas a year per instrument for its telephones, whereas in London the Company asks from £17 to £20. We are glad to see that a number of Moderates on the London County Council at the meeting on Tuesday last supported the proposal to have an investigation into the telephone service which was put forward by the Highways Committee, but such an investigation as that which was held in Glasgow is not what is required. A Parliamentary inquiry is necessary, and it is to obtain this that the efforts of all those who wish to see an efficient telephone service throughout the country should be directed. To us it appears disgraceful that a public department like the Post Office should lend itself to the profit-making schemes of a private company, and the scandal is the greater because a former Postmaster-General is now one of the directors of the Company.

The Liberal papers have naturally made the most of the "Unionist Split" in Edgbaston, but it is not much. Mr. Chamberlain does not make himself uniformly loved by his followers, and for years past there have been some "sore heads" in Liberal Unionist circles in Birmingham. The local Tories have also had their grievances, and so there has been from time to time much snarling over the small bones of minor patronage. But there is no real split or danger of one. The Liberal Unionists know that they exist only in virtue of Mr. Chamberlain's personality, and that when they strike off from him they at once relapse into obscurity. When Mr. Chamberlain's strong hand is withdrawn or when he gives the word for the dissolution of the party there will be lively times in Birmingham, but the time for that is not yet.

M. Hanotaux and Herr von Bülow have both explained their foreign policy in the East, the Far East and in Africa. The German Foreign Minister assured Europe that his Government will keep a "free hand" in *Kiao-Chiao* just about the time that Lord Salisbury was assuring us that Germany, like Russia, was pledged to a free port and free commerce in China; and Mr. Hanotaux declared that France "continued her efforts for the great good of humanity and civilisation." He reiterated the "solemn proclamation" of the Franco-Russian alliance, but declined to give particulars, since "there were points of French policy which should not be placed in too bright a light," which means that, on those points, Count Muravieff has not yet informed M. Hanotaux what the French policy is.

The United Club did not display more than its accustomed sagacity when it asked Colonel Dyer, of strike fame, to open a discussion on the "Relations between Capital and Labour." The Tory Party is not an employers' federation, nor should it take sides in these industrial conflicts. But this sapient body of Unionist statesmen, better known to one another than to the public, think an ideal way of demonstrating the impartiality of their party on Trades-union questions is to ask the protagonist of one side in the dispute to state the case for discussion, without giving any representative of the Trades Union so much as an opportunity to be present. And apart from policy, this was bad catering for the audience. Who did not know Colonel Dyer's views?

MR. GLADSTONE'S ADVICE TO THE LIBERAL PARTY.

IT is one of the mysteries of political life in England that the Liberal party should be able to hold its own as it does. There have been half-a-dozen contested elections lately, and the Liberal vote in these half-dozen constituencies seems rather to have increased than diminished. And yet the Liberal party seems to be afflicted with what our American cousins call "chills and fever"; it has too many leaders, and too few principles. The Press, too, seems to indicate that the days of Radical victories are over. "Reynolds' Newspaper" was once a power and had an immense circulation; to-day its place seems to be taken by the Conservative "People." Moreover, we hear no more of the Fabians; there seem to be no young men of ability eager to defend Liberal principles with pen and tongue. The heart seems to have gone out of the cause, and yet the Liberal party still survives and flourishes. It is difficult to discover any adequate explanation of this fact; but it seems to us as if the Liberal party were living on the faults that their opponents are committing in foreign policy, just as the Conservative party in 1880-5 lived on the faults the Liberal party made, also in foreign policy. But of course there are other explanations, some official, some unofficial, and various remedies are suggested by enthusiastic Liberals.

The latest of these nostrums appeared in an interview which Mr. George Russell has had with a representative of the National Press Agency. Mr. Russell is reported as saying, "that the last time he had a talk with Mr. Gladstone as to the leadership of the Liberal party, Mr. Gladstone said 'the only hope of the Liberal party returning to power lies in combination, with Lord Rosebery at the head, and an attack on the House of Lords.'" We hear now that Mr. Russell has declared that this interview was unauthentic; but he has so carefully confined himself to generalities that his contradiction has an affirmative rather than a negative value. And, indeed, the story is an old one; it was repeated from mouth to mouth in London fully three months ago; it was talked of and discussed from every possible point of view. It has been resuscitated and derives its value now from the fact that Mr. Gladstone is extremely ill, and that if he should die this phrase will be put about as his last message to the Liberal party. It will be used, of course, by the Rosebery faction "for all that it is worth," as the slang phrase goes; and the Rosebery faction is stronger than most people imagine. It therefore becomes worth our while to consider the position of Lord Rosebery. Is it possible for the Liberals to combine under him, and, if it is possible, would such a combination be successful in Parliament?

The first thing of course that suggests itself is that it would be almost impossible to get the Liberal leaders to combine under Lord Rosebery. He has been tried and found wanting; the helm was torn from his hands by Sir William Harcourt; and he is not likely to induce that doughty knight to resign in his turn without the convincing reason of absolute necessity. But, say some, suppose the Liberal party wins in the next elections at the polls, and the Queen sends for Lord Rosebery—what then? It is well known of course that her Majesty likes Lord Rosebery, and regards him as a safe Foreign Minister, but we believe that the very greatest mistake that could be made would be to send for Lord Rosebery. The official leader must be sent for; and Lord Rosebery is no longer the official leader of the Liberal party. Lord Rosebery's opportunity will come when Sir William Harcourt has either failed to form a Government or has been defeated in the House within three months of taking office. We say within three months of taking office advisedly; for we presume that the Liberals will not have such a majority as to render them independent of the Irish vote; and, if that is the case, the Irish members will be compelled by their constituents, within three months, to inflict a defeat upon any Liberal ministry, save perhaps one that was led by "honest John Morley." Mr. Dillon might trust Mr. John Morley for a year or two, but he cannot trust Sir William Harcourt for more than three months; nor

can he accept from Sir William Harcourt less than was offered by the Home Rule Bills of 1885 and 1892. And the gist of these bills will never again be accepted by any possible House of Commons.

We have said enough to show that if Lord Rosebery got his opportunity, he could not possibly use it. He would be compelled to give the Irish more and more quickly than any other leader; for his declarations on Home Rule have been so contradictory that the Irish would probably not allow him one hour's grace; nor would they trust any statement he might make. He would have to give pledges to Fortune. Accordingly it seems to us that in spite of Mr. Gladstone's help Lord Rosebery is impossible as a future Liberal leader; Lord Rosebery's career as an English politician has ended. True, he has recovered his health, and he attended the opening of Parliament. It was remarked, too, by some wiseacres that he sat among the Liberal Unionists; but that means nothing in the House of Lords where there are so few Liberals and so many Conservatives that it has become the custom to sit where one can.

But if Lord Rosebery is politically dead, how comes it that Mr. Gladstone advises Liberals to combine under his leadership in an attack on the House of Lords? Mr. Gladstone is amongst the astutest of Parliamentarians; even in this message he selects what we believe to be the weakest point in the Conservative armour for attack. He therefore does not believe that Lord Rosebery has disqualified himself for the post; and the message remains an enigma for us which only time can solve.

LEGISLATION FOR WOMEN.

IT is not very probable that the Bill for regulating the employment of waitresses in restaurants which Mr. Kemp, M.P., is going to bring into the House of Commons will be passed in the present session. But, even if it is only read a first time, it will be a useful precedent for further legislation on the subject. There is a very real necessity for some legal protection for waitresses. They are, as a class, if anything, more helpless than the more independent factory-hand, for whom the Factory Acts have long ago provided more or less adequately, and their circumstances are quite as much in need of improvement. Their trade is more unskilled. They have to keep up appearances on equally small wages. They may be worked very long hours, with no fixed intervals for meals. They are obliged to live at great distances from their work in order to find cheap suburban lodgings, and consequently their fares swallow up a large proportion of their earnings. Legislation is, besides, the more urgently needed in their case because organization is powerless to help them. Trades Unionism is not, and cannot be, an active force among them under present conditions, because they are poorly paid and their trade is unskilled. In the event of a strike numbers of girls, whose parents could partly maintain them at home, would be ready to take the places of the strikers for pocket-money wages. About twenty girls did in fact come out on strike not very long ago, from a firm that threatened a reduction of wages, and their places were instantly filled up by girls who were engaged at wages of eight shillings a week after the first three weeks. During these first three weeks they were to give their services free on the supposition that they were learning the business.

The programme of reform of the strikers, as formulated by themselves, and based on experience derived from many and various restaurants was modest enough. They wanted (1) fixed salaries; (2) the abolition of fines; (3) shorter hours; (4) meals at stated times. The most essential of these reforms is the abolition of the iniquitous system of payment by tips, or payment on a percentage of the money taken from customers by each waitress during the week. Until a fixed living wage becomes universal in restaurants no material improvement can be effected in the position of waitresses. The infliction of fines and deductions is only partially held in check even within the jurisdiction of the Truck Act. Outside the sphere of its operations, the mode of inflicting them is only limited by human invention. The deductions may include the washing at extravagant prices of caps and aprons, or the cost of the uniform

dress which the girls could get more cheaply for themselves elsewhere. The fines may include anything and everything. Some waitresses employed by a large firm averaged their weekly earnings at 14s., and their fines and deductions at 3s. 6d. This computation does not leave much possible margin for dress or the savings bank after fares, lodgings and the Sunday's meals have been provided for. The work certainly is not excessively heavy, but the waitress has to be on the alert and on her feet during the whole time of her employment, and generally has to take her meals in a scrambling way, and when she can get them. There is then plenty of scope for legislation dealing with the employment of women in restaurants. If Mr. Kemp's Bill passes into law it will be the means of bringing about more equitable conditions of employment in a trade where such reforms are very necessary.

M. E. S. G.

THE PIONEER.

WHY, he never can tell;
But, without a doubt,
He knows very well
He must trample out
Through forest and fell
The world about
A way for himself,
A way for himself.

By sun and star,
Forlorn and lank,
O'er cliff and scar,
O'er bog and bank,
He hears afar
The expresses clank
"You'll never get there,
You'll never get there!"

His bones and bread
Poor Turlygod*
From his wallet spread
On the grass-green sod,
And stared and said
With a mow and a nod
"Whither away, sir,
Whither away?"

"I'm going alone,
Though Hell forfend,
By a way of my own
To the bitter end."
He gnawed a bone
And snarled, "My friend,
You'll soon get there,
You'll soon get there."

But whether or no,
The world is round;
And he still must go
Through depths profound,
O'er heights of snow,
On virgin ground
To find a grave,
To find a grave.

For he knows very well
He must trample out
Through Heaven and Hell,
With never a doubt,
A way of his own
The world about.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

* "Bedlam beggars. . . . Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!"
King Lear.

BRISTOL FASHION.

II.

NO nonsense about Bilson, "shipshape and Bristol fash," and "treat a bloody nigger well if he works well; and if he kicks, why then speak English to him," was the burden of his speech. Philanthropists, with missionaries and those who talked of equal rights for all mankind, he held as fools, calling them "bloomin' sentimentalists," which term he thought the most contemptuous a man could bear, and fit for landsmen, swabs, and those who sailed out of the northern ports in schooners, brigs, and all those mariners who had not attained to the full glory of a Bristol barque.

"I like a naked nigger" (he would say) "dressed in his breech clout," but the self-same "nig" rigged in a cheap slop suit he thought unnatural, and asked with many oaths, and tags of Scripture referring to the Amalekite dwellers in Canaan and the Cities of the Plain, if you would like to give your daughter to a negro man. This not infrequently produced unpleasantness, for no missionary, philanthropist, or any other man, no matter what he thought, had ever answered with a downright "Yes."

Then Bilson used to triumph and call for drinks, sweetening his gin with orange marmalade, and calling to his "Accra girl," tell her to dance, just in the way that Vashti should have danced had she not shown the proper spirit that has caused her to be handed down as an example to all self-respecting wives, in the immoral legend where the loves of Esther and Ahasuerus are set forth. After much rum, his "consort" bit by bit took off her stiff-starched clothes and stood half-naked ready to dance after the manner known as "Bonny Fash," a "Fash" which has its merits even compared to the gyrations of the half-naked, perspiring spinster at a London ball. And whilst the negress danced to the accompaniment of a tom-tom and a flute, bending about her body like a snake, imparting that strange rotatory motion to the pelvis which so charms the Eastern and repels the moral Western man (accustomed as he is to London streets at night), waving her arms about in phallic gestures, turning her eyes back till the pupils become almost invisible, brushing against the knees of the spectators as a cat arches his back against a table-leg, Bilson would talk with tears in his eyes of home, about his wife, his children, and his wish they should attend good schools, his daughter learn the piano, French, dancing, and the mysterious things which make a girl a lady "all the way up," as Bilson used to say, and that his son through the gradations of a mortar-board, college degree, and, what was necessary, become at last what his proud father styled a "blarsted gentleman."

Men's minds are built in reason-tight compartments, and what they do but little influences them, for the real life we live is one of thought, and it is not impossible even that in a brothel the mind may still be pure.

Honest Tom Bilson cared not for speculations, but acted in the manner he called practical, that is, he tried to square his conscience with his life, except when personal interest, hate, love, or any other human passion intervened. After the fashion of most common natures, he hated to be over-reached, and if a "nigger" was the over-reacher, his fury knew no bounds. Seated in the caboose over his "okross" stew, which, as he said, reminded him of a fat eel well stewed in glycerine, sipping his gin and talking to his mate (the Accra girl listening as solid as a joss), the chart spread on the table marked with rings where cups of cocoa had been set upon the paper, the picture of his wife dressed in her best silk gown with brooch large as a cheeseplate pinned on what he styled her "boosum," glancing down at him from the wall, his Bible and revolver handy, his naked feet in carpet slippers, shirt-sleeves rolled up, the scuttles open, and the ship anchored outside the bar of a small river, his boatswain came below and told him in a report garnished with oaths that several of the Krooboys had stolen a boat, and having crossed the bar, had paddled up the river and disappeared. Now Bilson knew that to recover boat and "niggers" was beyond his power, for in the little native town no white man lived, and native chiefs never give up a man who seeks protection, but plunder him them-

selves, and make excuses, saying, "Nigger, he no lib', gone into bush all the same Turkey, we no catchey he." To quote the boatswain, "You could have shovelled out the blasphemy with a tin sugar-scoop, and the whole 'droger' seemed alight from stem to stern." To lose a boat upon the coast meant money, much inconvenience and the impossibility to get another till he arrived at Cape Coast Castle, Accra, Sierra Leone, or some considerable port. This did not move him near so much as the bewildering thought that he, the smartest skipper on the coast, had been outdone by his own Krooboys, "niggers," savages, heathens, and yet sharp enough to leave him in the lurch. The "palaver" which he held lasted till early morning; almost a case of "Palm-tree Brand" was finished, and when the sun at last broke through the heavy mist, which in the tropics heralds day, and when the tree frogs chirping like cymbals woke the echoes of the heavy-flowing tidal stream, mate, negress, and the boatswain lay asleep upon the cabin floor, and only Bilson sat erect, his head quite clear, his resolution fixed, and taking down his Bible, assured himself that eye for eye and tooth for tooth was God's own law, then went on deck.

Having got "Scripture for it," Bilson would stick at nothing, and he knew that Kroomen stranded ashore far from Cape Palmas had but one course of action if they wished ever to see their native land again; that was, to sell the stolen boat and ship aboard the first returning vessel they could find: and this returning vessel Bilson resolved with many oaths should be his own.

The dog watch saw him almost hull down, and when in five days' time the vessel entered the river from the eastward, about six bells, she had suffered a great change. The chequer sides were gone and a red stripe replacing them caused her to look much higher, the cherished figure-head setting forth Wilberforce in the act of benediction, the joy of Bilson's heart, was out of sight, cased up in canvas and painted black, so as to scarcely show apart from the body of the ship, and a few heavy weights moved further aft gave her a different set. The square yards on the main-mast all had disappeared, and she presented (to a Krooboy's eye) the appearance of a Yankee barquentine sailing from Portland, Maine, and to make all things right the Stars and Stripes flew from her peak, and, as she anchored, Bilson came on deck, dressed in white drill, a broad Bahama hat, his hair dyed black, moustache cut off, and beard and whiskers trimmed to the goatee shape which, in those days, bespoke the Yankee, in the same way as the full-shaped beard was held to be the trademark of the "limejuice" Englishman.

As Bilson had expected, a canoe put off, and, as it neared the ship, one of the missing Krooboys, known as Tom Coffee, hailed and asked, "'Spouse Massa Captain want Krooboy, Tom Coffee, Little Fish, Joe Brass lib' for ship one time." And Bilson answering in an exaggerated New England accent that he was short-handed and was going north, the unsuspecting Krooboys ran their canoe under the vessel's counter and came on board. As each man stepped on deck a heavy blow stretched him half-senseless, and he recovered to find himself in irons and listen to Bilson pouring out his rage in all the choicest phrases of the dialect of Sierra Leone, "You damn niggers, you tief ship boat, eh, you think you better man past Captain Bilson, eh, I tell you wash 'um belly, no see Cape Palmas dis one time," and calling to his boatswain he had the three poor wretches thrown into the hold upon the cargo, the dunnage of it being logs of camwood, every hole of which harboured a scorpion, a centipede, or mangrove crab, which, if you crushed it, sent forth a scent worse than a Chinese stink-pot, a tanyard, slaughter-house, or fashionable lady smothered in the newest perfume made from the dross of tar.

His "niggers" well secured, Bilson weighed anchor, and, sailing down the coast, ran into a small river that he knew, from whence Brazilian slavers shipped their "rolls of tobacco," and, backing his foreyard, lay to, going himself well armed in his own whale-boat to call upon the chief. Late in the evening he returned, and with him came a war-canoe manned by some sixteen savages all with their teeth filed to a point, with collars of leopard's claws, armlets of ivory, and armed with spears.

The wretched Krooboy, gagged and tied hand and foot, were dumped like logs into the war-canoe, and Bilson, after hauling in his boat, braced round his yards, and slipped into the night.

Years afterwards, when seated in his villa outside Bristol, after attending chapel, the Sunday dinner done, grog on the table, churchwardens alight, and feet in slippers, the sermon well discussed, the chances of the next election of the Town Council all talked over, his "wedlocked" wife and daughter having retired, Bilson was wont to tell how that in all his life he had been done but once and that time by some "bloody niggers;" but he would say, "They stole my boat, they did; their names were Little Fish, Tom Coffee, and Joe Brass, stole my boat, eh, but by Gawd's help I ketched 'em and sold 'em to a chief of one of them cannibal set-outs of niggers down Congo way; fixed 'em, I did, you bet, in Bristol fashion." R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

M. HUYSMANS' NEW NOVEL.*

LA Cathédrale," the sequel to "En Route," is the third stage in that new "Pilgrim's Progress" which began seven years ago, with the false start of "La-Bas." Already M. Huysmans had realised that, in his own words, "il faudrait garder la véracité du document, la précision du détail, la langue étoffée et nerveuse du réalisme, mais il faudrait aussi se faire puisatier d'âme et ne pas vouloir expliquer le mystère par les maladies des sens. . . . Il faudrait, en un mot, suivre la grande voie si profondément creusée par Zola, mais il serait nécessaire aussi de tracer en l'air un chemin parallèle, un autre route, d'atteindre les en deça et les après, de faire, en un mot, un naturalisme spiritualiste." "En Route," as we know, was this spiritual Realism applied to the history of a soul, of a conscience; "La Cathédrale," which is pure Symbolism, is still concerned with this same sensitive, lethargic, persevering soul, but it is concerned with it in one of its longest halts by the way, as it undergoes the slow, permeating influence of "la cathédrale mystique par excellence," the cathedral of Chartres. And the greater part of the book is taken up with a study of this cathedral, of that elaborate and profound symbolism by which "the soul of sanctuaries" slowly reveals itself ("quel laconisme hermétique!") with a sort of parallel interpretation of the symbolism which the Church of the Middle Ages concealed or revealed in colours, precious stones, plants, animals, numbers, odours, and in the Bible itself, in the setting together of the Old and New Testaments. Then there is a study of religious art, of Fra Angelico's "Coronation of the Virgin" in the Louvre, which is a patient disentangling of the actual signification of its colours, of Roger van der Weyden and the early Flemish painters, with a superb page on Rembrandt and his hallucinatory realism. Some of the finest pages in the book are those on David and the Hebrew Prophets, on King Solomon, on the prefiguration of Christ, the Virgin and the Church, in the narratives and poems of the Old Testament. No doubt, to some extent, this book is less interesting than "En Route," in the exact proportion in which everything in the world is less interesting than the human soul. There are times when Durtal is almost forgotten, and, unjustly enough, it may seem as if we are given this archæology, these Bestiaries, for their own sake. To fall into this error is to mistake the whole purpose of the book, the whole extent of the discovery in art which M. Huysmans has been one of the first to make.

The old conception of the novel as an amusing tale of adventures, though it has still its apologists in England, has long since ceased in France to mean anything more actual than powdered wigs and lace ruffles. Like children who cry to their elders for "a story, a story," the English public still wants its plot, its heroine, its villain. In France, even so great a novelist as Balzac was not untrammelled by the same superstition; it is permissible to think, with all respect to that princely intelligence, that Balzac never succeeded in finding his own form, the form which Flaubert, Goncourt, Zola, were afterwards to find, each in his measure. That the novel should be psychological was a discovery as early as Benjamin Constant, whose "Adolphe" anticipates

* "La Cathédrale." Par J. K. Huysmans. Paris: Stock.

"Le Rouge et le Noir," that somewhat arid masterpiece of Stendhal. But that psychology could be carried so far into the darkness of the soul, that the flaming walls of the world themselves faded to a glimmer, was a discovery which had been made by no novelist before M. Huysmans wrote "En Route." At once the novel showed itself capable of competing, on their own ground, with poetry, with the great "confessions," with philosophy. "En Route" is perhaps the first novel which does not set out with the aim of amusing its readers. It offers you no more entertainment than "Paradise Lost" or the "Confessions" of St. Augustine, and it is possible to consider it on the same level. The novel, which, after having chronicled the adventures of the Vanity Fairs of this world, had set itself with admirable success to analyse the amorous and ambitious and money-making intelligence of the conscious and practical self, sets itself at last to the final achievement—the revelation of the sub-conscious self, no longer the intelligence, but the soul. Here, then, purged of the distraction of incident, liberated from the bondage of a too realistic conversation, in which the aim had been to convey the very gesture of breathing life, internalised to a complete liberty, in which, just because it is so absolutely free, art is able to accept, without limiting itself, the expressive medium of a convention, we have in the novel a new form, which may be at once a confession and a decoration, the soul and a pattern.

And so, in "La Cathédrale," M. Huysmans does but carry further the principle which he had perceived in "En Route," showing, as he does, how inert matter, the art of stones, the growth of plants, the unconscious life of beasts, may be brought under the same law of the soul, may obtain, through symbol, a spiritual existence. He is thus but extending the domain of the soul, while he may seem to be limiting or ignoring it; and Durtal may well stand aside for a moment, in at least the energy of contemplation, while he sees, with a new understanding, the very sight of his eyes, the very stuff of his thoughts, taking life before him, a life of the same substance as his own. What is Symbolism if not an establishing of the links which hold the world together, the affirmation of an eternal, minute, intricate, almost invisible life, which runs through the whole universe? Every age has its own symbols, but, a symbol once perfectly expressed, that symbol remains, as Gothic architecture remains, the very soul of the Middle Ages. To get at that truth which is all but the deepest meaning of beauty, to find that symbol which is its most adequate expression, is in itself a kind of creation; and that is what M. Huysmans does for us in "La Cathédrale." More and more he has put aside all the profane and accessible and outward pomp of writing, for an inner and more severe beauty of perfect truth. He has come to realise that truth can be reached and revealed only by symbol. Hence, all that description, that heaping up of detail, that passionately patient elaboration: all means to an end, not, as you may hastily incline to think, ends in themselves.

It is curious to observe how often an artist perfects a particular means of expression long before he has any notion of what to do with it. M. Huysmans began by acquiring so astonishing a mastery of description that he could describe the inside of a cow hanging in a butcher's shop as beautifully as if it were a casket of jewels. The little work-girls of his early novels were taken for long walks, in which they would have seen nothing but the arm on which they leant and the milliners' shops which they passed; and what they did not see was described, marvellously, in twenty pages. Now all that acquired power suddenly finds its use; for the idea has been found, and the idea, which alone can give value and coherence to all these observations, is like the sun which flashes into unity, into meaning, into evident beauty, the unintelligible lozenges of colour, the inextricable trails of lead, which go to make up the picture in one of the painted windows of his own cathedral. Perhaps no one has ever described with such minuteness of line and colour as M. Huysmans, and his very defect, a certain lack of restraint, a certain heaviness of rhythm, which prevents his sentences from ever pleasing the ear like the sentences of Gautier, of Baudelaire, of Flaubert, gives him an advantage in

conveying to the eye what he has seen with the eye. What, for instance, could be more precise in its translation of the different aspects under which the cathedral of Chartres can be seen, merely as colour, than this one sentence: "En son ensemble, par un ciel clair, son gris s'argente et si le soleil l'illumine, elle blondit et se dore; vue de près, sa peau est alors pareille à un biscuit grignoté, avec son calcaire siliceux rangé de trous; d'autres fois, lorsque le soleil se couche, elle se carmine et elle surgit, telle qu'une monstrueuse et délicate châsse, rose et verte, et, au crépuscule, elle se bleute, puis paraît s'évaporer à mesure qu'elle viole." Or, again, in a passage which comes nearer to the conventional idea of eloquence, how absolute an avoidance of a conventional phrase, a word used for its merely oratorical value:

"Là-haut, dans l'espace, tels que des salamandres, des êtres humains, avec des visages en ignition et des robes en braises vivaient dans un firmament de feu; mais ces incendies étaient circonscrits, limités par un cadre incombustible de verres plus foncés qui refoulait la joie jeune et claire des flammes, par cette espèce de mélancolie, par cette apparence de côté plus sérieux et plus âgé que dégagent les couleurs sombres. L'hallali des rouges, la sécurité limpide des blancs, l'alleluia répété des jaunes, la gloire virginale des bleus, tout le foyer trépidant des verrières s'éteignait quand il s'approchait de cette bordure teinte avec des rouilles de fer, des bouts de saucés, des violets rudes de grès, des verts de bouteille, des bruns d'amadou, des noirs de fuligine, des gris de cendre."

This, in its excess of exactitude (a truly mediæval quality) becomes, on one page, a comparison of the tower without a spire to an unsharpened pencil which cannot write the prayers of earth upon the sky. But, for the most part, it is a consistent humanising of too objectively visible things, a disengaging of the sentiment which exists in them, which is one of the secrets of their appeal to us, but which for the most part we overlook as we set ourselves to add up the shapes and colours that have enchanted us. To M. Huysmans this artistic discovery has come, perhaps in the most effectual way, but certainly in the way least probable in these days, through faith, a definite religious faith, which, beginning tentatively, has come, by this time, to believe in the Catholic Church as a monk of the Middle Ages believed in it. And there is no doubt that to M. Huysmans this abandonment to religion has brought, among other gifts, a certain human charity in which he was notably lacking, and which, artistically, was one of his limitations. It has softened his contempt of humanity, it has broadened his outlook on the world. And the sense, diffused through the whole of this book, of the living and beneficent reality of the Virgin, of her real presence in the cathedral built in her honour and after her own image, brings a strange and touching kind of poetry into these closely and soberly woven pages. We know that the finest imaginative work can be built only out of the primary emotions. Here, then, is a novelist who has obtained complete mastery over one of the primary emotions, precisely because it has obtained complete mastery over his own soul: the emotion of faith.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR—A REMINISCENCE.

WE have recently heard much about the German Emperor, but the information we have acquired is monotonous. His Majesty has a side to his character which has not been presented. Granted that his speeches are not in the best taste, sounding perhaps to English ears a trifle profane, and that the rhodomontade about the mailed fist was silly and premature, we ought to remember that they were addressed to Germany, and that, for all we with our insular prejudice know, they may have suited their audience. Now, although our press follows the public movements of Emperor William, almost, if not quite, as closely as it does the movements of our own Royal Family and public men, the information it vouchsafes about his private movements, his tastes and his entourage, is meagre in the extreme. What is the result? The English public, the most newspaper-reading public in the world, except the American, form their ideas of one of the most prominent figures of the day entirely from

one side of his character, and that the least attractive side. If the principal English journals had been able to send correspondents to Kiel last summer, about the time of the Queen's Jubilee, and these correspondents had faithfully transmitted all that they saw and heard, they would have done much to clear away misconceptions concerning the Emperor's feeling towards the English.

The Kiel Regatta, which has now been instituted for some years, comes off annually towards the end of June, and last year his Majesty, with the two-fold object of giving a fillip to the regatta—it is a great scheme of his to make it approximate in some degree to our Cowes week—and of doing honour to our Queen's Jubilee, announced his intention of giving a prize to be competed for by English yachts only, the course to be from Dover to Heligoland. From the moment the first English yacht hove in sight the Emperor was on the alert to show the competitors and their friends every politeness in his power. It is no easy matter to make fifteen or twenty Englishmen—most of whom did not know a single German present, and the majority of whom had never seen each other before—feel at home in a strange land; but the German Emperor did it, and that quickly. He gave no one any time to adopt the usual "noli me tangere" attitude which is so easy to assume and so hard to shake off. That attitude would be absurd in the presence of Emperor William when he has thrown off his official entourage and is enjoying a well-earned rest on his own yacht. He is so alive, his laugh is even catching; and the small jokes thrown in from time to time all combine to make the ordinary mortal abandon whatever reserve he has come prepared with. His Majesty, knowing that the competitors had either missed altogether or curtailed to a great extent their participation in the Jubilee celebrations in England, most kindly gave a large State dinner-party on his yacht, the "Hohenzollern," in honour of her Majesty's Jubilee, to which he invited all the Englishmen who had sailed over the course for his Cup. Next day there were races in the Baltic, for which his Majesty had entered his own yacht, with special prizes for the English yachts, as they were all cruisers and could not compete with the modern racing yachts. In the evening his Majesty presided at a "Kneipe" or grand beer-drinking, which is held at a restaurant at a small village on the Baltic, where all the Englishmen were again made welcome, and special attention was shown to them. Not only were all the entertainment arrangements carried out in the most elaborate and successful manner, but also all details about tugs to tow the yachts, moorings, and such minutiae, which ensure the comfort of a yachtsman, were thought out beforehand, down to the slightest particulars; and these arrangements, I believe, all emanated from the German Emperor himself.

I have given this very slight sketch of the German Emperor's reception of a contingent of English yachtsmen at Kiel, merely in order to point out that there is a side to his Majesty's character of which we at home hear and see too little. We have got rather into the habit of thinking that the Emperor is always either sending telegrams on matters which do not concern him, on purpose to rouse up friendly nations, or else dispatching ironclads, with no definite object, amidst a shower of winged words of questionable taste. We do not realise the intense vitality of the Emperor, his eagerness to be up and doing, participating in some way in every event of importance. Nobody complained when his Majesty telegraphed to the Oxford crew on their winning the boat-race; yet surely Cambridge might have felt aggrieved had they not realised that it was the exuberant delight of a good sportsman over a good crew winning a good race. So long as we only have an opportunity of judging the German Emperor from his action and his speeches as reported in our newspapers, so long, I am afraid, will he remain more or less unpopular in this country. His actions and his words are there, and they do not please us; but the man is not there to impress himself upon us. The vitality which prompts his actions, and the love of excitement which is responsible for those speeches, are hidden from us: we are distrustful, we don't exactly know what of, but we *are* distrustful: so we shake our insular heads, and say, "We do not like

the German Emperor." We should, perhaps, be less far wrong if we rushed to the opposite extreme.

ALBERT OSBORNE.

OLYMPIAN FOOD.

"THOU shalt not eat on the seventh day" is, unless the consumption of a score of pounds of beef be equivalent to work, an eleventh commandment promulgated specially for the carnivora at Barnum's; but whether its benefits are meant to reach the four-footed or the biped, whether it is framed to improve the Monday appetite of the lion, or to train it in the beefless paths of self-denial, or whether it is prescribed merely with a view to Sabbath economy of human labour, I know not, nor did I care to ask Mr. Conklin, though there are few questions that he would not readily answer. The fact remains that the flesh-eating denizens of Olympia, the lions, tigers, pumas, wolves and hyænas, are constrained to rest their digestive apparatus one day in the seven, nor, judging from their appearance, is the treatment much at fault. Every menagerie has its peculiarities; and if a visit to the Zoological Gardens (on the arrangements of which some remarks were not long since offered in these columns) inspires admiration of the skill with which Messrs. Bartlett & Thomson manage to tempt new-comers with diet closely imitative of their natural, but here unprocurable, food-stuffs, the impression after a ramble round the menagerie at Addison Road is most certainly the magnificent condition in which the beasts are kept. They are essentially "show" animals, a fact which neither their keepers nor themselves are for one moment permitted to forget. Witness the supreme self-consciousness of the large Bengal tiger, than which none grander has surely ever been seen alive in this country, or the delightfully high-bred disgust of the graceful Joanna at the enforced proximity of a plebeian mandril. Although the large cats take no part in the triple orgy provided in the arena, Mr. Conklin and his assistants are exceedingly careful of their appearance: should the lion put on flesh, for instance, his daily fifteen pounds of beef are reduced to twelve; should the tiger show signs of dwindling, his twenty-five pounds of meat may be increased until the beautiful skin once again fits smooth and sleek over the lithe and shapely form. Dieting in all its branches, scientific banting and the rest is evidently considered by the management. The carnivora include three lions and as many tigers, five pumas, two Polar and three or four black bears, and of leopards, wolves and hyænas, four each. The fine Bengal tiger aforementioned falls only three pounds short of eight hundred pounds in weight, and his daily dole of five-and-twenty pounds of lean beef, though a generous ration, is justified by his magnificent appearance. In addition, he gets a weekly portion of liver, which, like the periodical sulphur in his water—of the latter he drinks seven or eight quarts daily—has a medicinal object. The amount of food given to these exhibition beasts is weighed out with great exactness, and is the result of experiment in each case. The young tiger last acquired, for instance, gets less than the full-grown specimen, and there is also one among the lions that, in consequence of the readiness with which it puts on weight, is carefully under-fed. But the most remarkable feeders among the Olympian carnivora are unquestionably the bears. The superintendent has in his heart a soft corner for his bears. So much can easily be inferred from the pains at which he has been to educate them in all manner of outlandish tastes. The polars, for example, get not only meat and fish, but also carrots and fruit. More in accord with their natural requirements is the allotment of a daily quart of pure cod-liver oil, which must cost about five shillings per gallon. As for the American black bears—I detected in their midst, by the way, a brownish, hybrid-looking interloper, with a decided flavour of the grizzly about him—they are treated to all manner of luxuries: a little meat, a little fish, bread unlimited, with dessert to follow, and candles (greatly appreciated), by way of savoury. In this varied diet there is nothing surprising, for we know, from the writings of those who have studied it at home, that the natural food of the American black bear embraces fruit in summer,

with as much wild honey as he can procure, while in winter, when not torpid, he feeds on cattle, pigs and fish. In June, according to a recent writer, he consumes, in Florida, at any rate, quantities of turtles eggs, and, lastly, it will be remembered that it was this species of bear that Darwin referred to as swimming open-mouthed and catching insects in true whale-fashion. So that, after all, the diet provided for it by its keepers at "the Greatest Show" is comparatively monotonous. These bears will, I am told, drink beer or whiskey from a bottle "in the ordinary way," whatever that may be; and the superintendent even talks, in his retrospective moments, of a bear of his which, on one occasion, "sulked" in a tree, deftly caught an uncorked bottle of whiskey that was thrown up to it, drained the contents, fell off the tree and hurt its ribs, and could never again be persuaded to drink "in the ordinary way."

The curiosities of food at Olympia practically begin and end with the carnivora, for it boots not to speak of the hundredweights of timothy and other fodder that go to gladden the dozen camels and two dozen elephants that add their beauty to the "spectacle," as well as the cleanly hippopotamus, the vicious zebras and contumelious nilghai. Nor can I attempt eloquence on the theme of Joanna's condensed milk and bovril, though it is interesting to contrast these luxurious foods with the gorilla's natural fruits, roots and, probably, wild honey. But Joanna is a precious charge, hence, no doubt, the strong rail that restrains the generous from offering her indiscriminate gifts of unwholesome food that would but vex her delicate stomach. Not more easily upset was the one and only giraffe, whose threnody was wailed in mid-ocean, while the lamented one yielded its gentle spirit. The casual mention by the superintendent of the fact that Joanna was woefully sea-sick during the recent voyage, led to my questioning him on the effects of rough seas on his charges generally, and his opinion seemed to be that, under constant supervision, the majority soon get over the shaking, and do not refuse their food for more than a day or two, as, in fact, they do habitually in any strange quarters. Where, however, beasts and birds do not, as in the case of many consignments to the Zoological Gardens, perform the trying voyage under expert care, the results are far less satisfactory. I recollect Mr. Thomson, the head keeper at Regent's Park, telling me that the close confinement and frequent want of cleanliness combined to send the birds more especially "off the feed"—the insectivorous and fruit-eating kinds far more than the grain-eating parrots. The most remarkable instance, though, of birds suffering from the effects of the voyage is furnished by many species of duck, which require the closest looking after on board. They customarily arrive in very dirty condition, their oil-glands out of order, in consequence of which they get wet in a manner that would be impossible in healthy wild fowl. And, most wonderful of all, if given immediate access on their arrival to deep water, they are almost certain to drown. Such tragedies do not, of course, attend the Show when it crosses oceans, for the eighteen attendants on the "wild beasts" are always on the spot.

It was greatly with the hope of eliciting some particulars of the degree in which the nature and quantity of the food is taken into account in the training of "trick" beasts that I visited the Olympia menagerie. The carnivora, however, no longer take part, as of yore, in the performance without, so, beyond the general principle of never allowing the exhibition animals to get too fat, there was nothing much to be learnt in this direction. Formerly, the lions and tigers and pumas were introduced, I believe, in a large cage, with Danish deerhounds and a sheep or antelope, or something equally helpless. It is perhaps matter for congratulation that so undesirable a spectacle—the mental agonies of the antelope must have been extreme—should, in deference to public taste, have given place to the exceedingly attractive and interesting horse-act introduced by O'Brien. I gather from unaided observation that other factors were at work in the training of the large cats than the mere regulation of rations, for the unfailing courtesy with which the above-named Brobdignagian tiger rises to its feet on its keeper touching it with the

most inoffensive of wands suggests sinister possibilities of earlier acquaintance with the persuasive powers of warm iron. I do not for one moment insist that inducements of this pressing nature were ever held out to the now obedient animal, but my thoughts certainly once tended that way. The tigers can, according to their keeper, never be trusted implicitly as can the lions, and this fact speaks much for the alleged, but greatly criticised, nobility of the lion's disposition. The puma, on the other hand, is stated on the same authority to behave towards man in nature much as its old-world relatives, and not with that gentle forbearance insisted on by many writers. I believe, however, that there is in this respect a marked difference in character between the pumas of North America and those of the more southern continent, among which, for instance, Mr. Hudson's experiences were for the most part probably gained.

The "freaks," who share the same building, attract the bulk of attention from the two daily crowds, but the lover of animals will find more pleasure and profit in the nobler triumphs of nature at the back, most of which, either by the afore-mentioned gentle persuasions, or by the deprivation of sleep and excess of food that were so effective in the hands of the late Pezon and his celebrated wife Baptistine, have been reduced to intelligent submission to the will of man.

F. G. AFLALO.

MEDALLISTS AND DRAUGHTSMEN.

THE masterpieces of an art are sometimes found near its source. If this is true of printing and engraving it is also true of the art of the medallist as revived at the Renaissance: Pisanello, Matteo da Pasti, Sperandio remain unapproachable. One element or another has been reconquered, vigorous drawing, effective relief, ornamental disposition, fanciful invention; but never have all these rays united into the exact focus where lies the perfect medal. It would seem as if the object of art were the creation of a balance of the forces of life, a crystal of the desires of a time, and that these forces never operate and meet twice at the same fervent point, so that the glamour which hovers over one thing and engages the powers of art flits on to something new, and the effort of revival, when it succeeds, succeeds in making not the same object but another. The modern page of a book in vain tries to be the same thing to the senses as it was 400 years ago, because it is not the same thing to the mind, it is not the precious casket for treasure trove, to be gloated on at leisure; it is a frame for hot-pressed communication. A score of men of taste may catch the old glamour and admiration, but in their best work will be wanting the collaboration of a spirit of the time to push it to the level of easy inspiration. So the miniature seems to imply an instinct of *fond cachotterie*, a desire to carry about the dear image, a facet of romance, a fashion of the heart that had its day. The desire may revive to the individual, but when he summons the artist to satisfy it, he is busy upon something else. So the portrait of parade reposed on a natural attitude, as much out of the habit of our time as the set oration or the robe of ceremony. When the medal took life, a wind was blowing strong from the classic fields; tyrants such as he who built the Temple of Rimini were in the mood to be struck in brass like emperors, the artists were ready with a system poised between audacious character-drawing and suave design, and the very heads of the Malatestas, of the d'Estes, of the Gonzagas seem to have been rounded, their features cut, their hair curled to fit into the round of the medal and enrich it with line and boss.

But scholars and leaders of forlorn hopes are not wanting, and in the modern revival of the art Mr. Legros has played a principal part, one that now dates back for a considerable time, so that lesser men have become fashionable by exploiting the idea. In the newly founded Society of Medallists, whose Exhibition has been opened at the Dutch Gallery in Brook Street, he is not only President, but the father and master of the rest. Messrs. Holroyd and Rothenstein are his pupils, and most, if not all, of the ladies who exhibit. A large frame contains his past work in this art, and one or two of his most recent medals are shown in the plaster. One of these, a fine head of Charles Shannon, bears on

the reverse a little design of a figure kneeling by a spring and drinking, with the legend *Fontis ad originem*, that really comes near to the inventions of Pisanello. But it is less on the side of decorative suavity that Mr. Legros habitually approaches his models. He excels in a grave uncompromising severity, in a treatment of relief that despises petty accident and aims at bare character.

But this exhibition has an interest that goes beyond its nominal occasion. In the case of Mr. Holroyd, for once that we look at his medals, we shall look twice at his study of a head. So with Mr. Rothenstein. He has qualified for the exhibition with two medals, but it is his drawings of Verlaine and Rodin that have real importance, those of Verlaine summary likenesses expressed by a few strokes of the chalk, those of Rodin essays in a more searching style. For an example of Mr. Rothenstein's progress in this direction the hand of the Rodin should be noted. Mr. Shannon shows no medals at all, but a painting which at one bound places him, it is safe to say, high in the English School. By what study of drawing he has arrived at this mastery previous exhibitions have given some idea; as the medal says, he has drunk at the sources, at that charmed fountain which lies open to all, but of which one man in a generation is born to know and to drink, while the rest are disputing over the puddles in the road. Here is the outcome of those studies in a portrait whose general aspect and expression, over and above particular delicacies of modelling or refinements of tone, is stamped with the gravity of great painting.

It is in the rally of these younger men under the leadership of so authoritative a master of drawing as Mr. Legros that the interest and significance of the exhibition consists. The author of the heads of Charles Shannon, the Duke of Devonshire and Professor Strong at the Dutch Gallery belongs to the great generation of Rodin and Degas, and has held up for years in our country, with small recognition, the standard of a severe and learned art. To put the matter in a nutshell, the scholarship of drawing, so notoriously absent from the Academy, where it ought to be cherished, has been his passion, and with those pupils and recruits around him he stands no longer alone. In this group is the beginning of an authority such as the bewildered Academy, with its worship of popular ideals, has renounced all right and hope of possessing. It was curious, at the recent prize-giving of the Academy Schools, to hear Sir Edward Poynter hold up the drawing of Ingres before the students as their model, and then to pass into the galleries where the students' drawings were shown. If the example of Ingres means anything it means to search out form with a line, to find the line that will most simply express most of structure. The students, on the other hand, had been encouraged to avoid this analysis by line, to confuse this, which is the eternal essence of drawing, with stumped renderings in tone, with all the devices and methods for which in severe draughtsmanship there is, with very good reason, no authority.

Sir Edward then had occasion for preaching the Gospel of Ingres, ineffectively as he must do it in his Academy. But it struck one in listening as a marvellous thing that the President of an English Academy should go so far afield when searching for an exemplar. If Ingres, why not the infinitely greater artist and the Englishman, Alfred Stevens? The curious thing is that if the name had been suggested to him it is possible he might have concurred, but the fact of its not inevitably occurring to him proved once more how little way that greatest of English masters has yet made towards taking his rightful place. He was never an Academician, but time enough has gone by, one would think, for his real stature to affirm itself, apart from such ludicrous measurements of the moment. He will never be popular, even as such a graceful go-between as Leighton may become popular; he was too far above the small personal eccentricities and superficially affecting appeals for that; it was his to handle the topmost things in the grandest way; but it is time that his nation should be told that he is their great man, and that students should have his example set before them in their schools. Here was the man who could draw

like Andrea del Sarto, who could design monuments like Donatello, sculptor, painter, architect, who did with virile force what the artist-craftsmen talk about doing and set out to do with a precarious foundation of drawing and an effeminate ideal.

One project is spoken of that may help to give Stevens his proper place. When the Tate Gallery has been extended it may be possible to devote a room to his work, with the great cartoon for the mosaic of "Isaiah" at St. Paul's as a centre-piece. At Kensington already there is a very fair collection of models for his monumental work, among them one for the unfinished monument at St. Paul's, and the sketch model for the Hyde Park monument, one of the most beautiful and original of modern designs, discarded for the work of a nobody. The overcrowding at Kensington makes it desirable that there or elsewhere this national treasure should be provided with a hall for itself, such as the Florentines have found for Donatello and Michael Angelo.

But a service at once simple and coming nearer home to the needs of students in schools up and down the country might be done forthwith at a trifling cost. In a portfolio at South Kensington is a collection of drawings by Stevens, and it is safe to say that if certain of these were found nameless in a haphazard collection, they could be attributed only to him or to the very greatest names of the past. For example, there is a study of a man's back that gives with a line disdainful of all cheap emphasis the master-facts, the extreme expression of vital form and vigour. The Kensington authorities have done good work in their reproduction of textiles and other objects in the collection. Cannot they give us a portfolio of photographic reproductions of these studies and others in the possession of private collectors? Such a series exhibited in schools would be an incitement for English students to the noblest ambitions, a corrective to the taste that finds in Lord Leighton's sugared art the summit of our achievement, and in lower commercial production a tolerable traffic for our Academy.

D. S. M.

BAYREUTH IN LONDON.

LAST week the "Daily Chronicle" startled all London with a loud chortle over Mr. Alfred Schulz-Curtius's arrangement with the Grand Opera Syndicate to give the "Nibelung's Ring" in its entirety at Covent Garden with special singers, stage-managers and machinists, chiefly from Bayreuth. Now there is at times excellent writing on musical matters in the "Daily Chronicle"—I have seen leading articles and criticisms that I could not have done better myself—but this unexpected chortle, which took the form of a long interview, seems to me rather unwarranted. This is Mr. Schulz-Curtius's scheme. Two cycles of the "Ring" will be given "under conditions which, it is hoped, will bring the performances in the ensemble as near as possible to the model so nobly set by Bayreuth." "One of the guiding ideas in arranging this scheme has been that the work should be performed reverently and complete, without any cuts. . . . 'Die Walküre' and 'Siegfried' will, therefore, commence at Five o'clock, and 'Die Götterdämmerung' (on a Saturday) at Four o'clock in the afternoon, with an interval, after the First Act, of an hour and a half for a light dinner. . . . The audience will [thus] return fresh for the last Two Acts." Furthermore, "new scenery is being painted, and the Bayreuth machinist will come to London to fit up the stage, in order to produce the correct effects, more especially in the 'Rheingold,' in which the Rhine-maidens are expected to float in the same graceful manner as at Bayreuth" (as if "The Rhinegold" were a circus!). This scheme is open to a great deal of adverse criticism. I do not intend to say that the performances will not be worth attending. On the contrary, they could not conceivably be worse than the representations of "Siegfried," "The Valkyrie," and the "Dusk of the Gods" we have previously endured; they will probably be a great deal better than these; and every one will go to hear them—myself in the first rush. But let me begin with one of the basest of objections, a carnal one, one relating to the eating arrangements. We are to turn up at the theatre at five for "The Valkyrie" and

"Siegfried," and at four for "The Dusk of the Gods." After the first act we are allowed to go off in search of food, and I want to know where on earth, supposing the evening to be a wet one, we are to find it. We cannot prowl around like starving cats at the tail of a cat's-meat cart or pursuing a penny-pieman; and the nearest restaurants capable of withstanding the fierce onslaught of two thousand hungry people are in the Strand. By the time we get there we shall be wet to the skin and come back "fresh," as Mr. Schulz-Curtius justly observes, "for the last Two Acts." That is one possible disadvantage. The second objection is the abject foolishness of making the long interval between the first and second acts, instead of between the second and third. It is towards the finish, certainly not in the second act, of a Wagner music-drama that one's senses and limbs grow weary; and to recuperate sufficiently to sit the thing out to the end we are allowed twenty minutes or half-an-hour. Why, at Bayreuth they always have the sense to give us the longest rest before the last act. I beg Mr. Schulz-Curtius, as a sensible man, to reconsider this point. But more serious objections than either of these—which indeed some pedantic persons may consider frivolous—are the posing of Bayreuth as a "model," the delusion that by bringing across the Bayreuth machinist the Bayreuth results can be got on that antiquated and idiotically planned Covent Garden stage, the fact that the subscribers to the ordinary season—the persons who make Covent Garden a rendezvous—will occupy the majority of the boxes and stalls, and last, the extraordinary notion that while Wagner deserves this careful five o'clock in the afternoon treatment, Mozart and the rest are well enough treated as they are treated at present. Whether Bayreuth is a model or not is a question that those who have been there or have read my humble reports on its proceedings can decide for themselves; but I may say that Mr. Schulz-Curtius is the only man in the whole of my extensive acquaintance who upholds Bayreuth and yet is not obviously a lunatic. Nevertheless, even Bayreuth is better than Covent Garden: I have again and again pointed out how well the scenery is managed there (if only it were worth managing), how perfectly the lighting is attended to, and so on, and so on. But how are these things achieved? Simply by months of practice: the army of stage-carpenters and scene-shifters are drilled as carefully as a regiment of soldiers or a squad of the fire-brigade, until at last every man knows precisely what he has to do and precisely when to do it. In addition, there is quite a battalion of Capellmeisters on the stage, each holding his score and giving directions for this, that and the other to be done at the proper moment. That Mr. Carl Pohlig is a very able stage-manager I know: had it not been for his kindly services I should have reached Constantinople or Port Arthur instead of London the last time I essayed leaving Bayreuth. But even a man clever enough to persuade me to take the proper train cannot do the work of a dozen men on the stage, much less the work of a dozen men each of whom is served by a little army of trained scene-shifters; and even if Mr. Pohlig had his assistant Capellmeisters (every one is a Capellmeister in Germany, even the man who blows the organ) and his assistant Capellmeisters their trained scene-shifters, I am convinced that nothing good could be done on that wretched Covent Garden stage. Covent Garden was built for a prima donna, not for opera; it was built by fools for fools to sing on to please fools; and no really satisfactory results will be possible until it has been pulled or burnt down and rebuilt. I marvel that Mr. Neil Forsyth has not set fire to it ere now. This is not exactly an objection to Mr. Schulz-Curtius's scheme (after all, he did not build Covent Garden: if he had, I would gladly hear of him suffering from some mortal disease): rather it is an excuse in advance of the inevitable fact that the working of scenery for lightning will not rival Bayreuth in point of smoothness and accuracy. But the objection with which I positively overwhelm and sweep away all the superior artistic pretensions of Mr. Schulz-Curtius's scheme is that his cycle-are no cycles at all. To hear the "Ring" on four consecutive days is one thing; to hear "The Rhinegold" on 6 June, "The Valkyrie" on 8 June-

"Siegfried" on 9 June and the "Dusk of the Gods" on 11 June, is quite another. In the intervals I presume the "Huguenots" or some other fatuous opera will be given; and the ladies and gentlemen in the boxes who have applauded Jean de Reszke's Siegfried will applaud his or some one else's Faust or Romeo, and settle irrevocably whether the "Dusk of the Gods" or "Trova-tore" is the prettier opera. The elaborate machinery will be shoved into holes; pieces of the scenery will get lost; the band will become demoralised—in a word, I cannot believe that either the representations or the permanent results of the new plan will be so good as to justify any high elation. I do not want this article to fall like a wet blanket on Mr. Schulz-Curtius's fertile brain: I think his opera will be better than the opera we have hitherto suffered. But it cannot redeem opera; it cannot cleanse and will not inspire any one to cleanse the Temple of art. The Jews, according to an authority whom even Christians cannot afford to despise, turned their Temple into a den of thieves. We have turned ours into a restaurant—which is perhaps much the same thing. Mr. Schulz-Curtius intends to keep a better restaurant than we have known: he does not intend to clear out the cooks and the waiters and reopen the temple. We must build a new temple and start afresh. As to the way of doing that, it is discussed by a singularly intelligent writer in the current number of the "Dome," a quarterly which I strongly recommend every one to read.

My apologies are due to a number of concert-givers; though in justice to myself it must be said that few of them have offered programmes of a quality calculated to allure the wary critic who has no time to waste. Mr. Wood's concerts have been as entertaining as usual. Last Saturday he gave us Beethoven's A symphony exquisitely, and at the previous concert a powerful and barbaric version of Borodin's powerful and barbaric symphony in B minor. A Miss Leonora Jackson made her first appearance on Saturday last and played prettily and with ample confidence in herself.

Mr. Dolmetsch, gay and happy after his triumphs in Rome, announces three concerts at 7 Bayley Street, W.C., the dates being 25 February, and 11 and 25 March, the day Friday, the hour nine in the evening. The programmes will be even more interesting than those of the last series; and at one of the concerts, I believe, the Pastoral Dialogue from Purcell's "King Arthur" will be sung.

J. F. R.

MANCHESTER STILL EXPIATING.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER, speaking at the Royal Institute of British Architects on Monday last, said that the endowed theatre was in the air. That, I may remark, is precisely where it has been for a long time. The problem is to get it on the ground. It appears that Manchester is about to lead the way. It is noteworthy that Manchester always does lead the way in such matters. Its artistic activity, highly abnormal in England, is a reaction from starvation. Manchester is an ugly place—a quite infernally ugly place. It is a brutally noisy place; for its ponderous traffic can only be borne by the roughest stone pavements. It is a demoralised place; because the development of the cotton industry there enabled the founders of its prosperity (meaning the aforesaid ugliness and noisiness) to amass huge fortunes by the diligent exercise of their moral deficiencies. Its great inventors were mere tinkers: I have gone through a first-rate modern cotton mill without any other feeling than one of astonishment that the human race, centuries after it had achieved such a comparative masterpiece of ingenuity as the common kitchen clock, should have so far degenerated as to take about a hundred years to perfect the trite and obvious arrangements which were exhibited to me as the triumphs of modern yarn-spinning mechanism. For Manchester is hugely proud of itself, vanity being the most constant symptom of a shameful life. But Man, always scheming to degrade himself, struggles in vain against the destiny of his spirit. The artistic institutions which only exist in London as accidents of the fashion, wealth and cosmopolitanism of the capital of the world, were founded in Manchester by design. Manchester has had for forty years one of the first classical orchestras in the world. Manchester sum-

moned the greatest English dramatic painter of the nineteenth century to do his best on the walls of its town hall when London could see in him only a butt for the most foolish of her wittlings. It was worth a manager's while to produce, and produce superbly, such works as Byron's "Sardanapalus" in Manchester whilst the West End of London declared that even Shakespeare spelt ruin. For any sort of London parallel to the parts played in Manchester by Hallé, Ford Madox Brown, and Charles Calvert, we have to turn to the work of August Manns at the Crystal Palace, and of Phelps at Sadler's Wells, there being no parallel at all in the case of the great painter. Even in these suburban triumphs of individual persistence and devotion, London, as a whole, can claim no such share as Manchester can in the work of its artistic heroes. Manchester, too, has had of late years its Independent Theatre and its experiments in Ibsen. And now it appears that to such notorious plotters for an endowed theatre as Judge Parry and Mr. Charles Hughes, the Lord Mayor of Manchester has said, "Will you walk into my parlour?"

A cheerful feature of this project is the use it has found for the reputation of Shakespeare. The bait held out to Manchester is perpetual Bard. No wonder Mr. Archer was provoked to point out that man does not live by Shakespeare alone. But he also pointed out, very pertinently, that the reason a theatre is so much more difficult to endow than a museum, library, or picture gallery, is that the theatre is a live thing whose future behaviour must be guaranteed. Given a collection of pictures, books or specimens, all you have to do is to provide a building, a catalogue, a turnstile, an umbrella-stand, and a custodian; and there you are, an ascertained quantity for all posterity to profit by. The statues by Phidias in the British Museum cannot be turned into wax-work murderers, nor the Mazarin Bible into a lewd novel, any more than the National Gallery can be turned into a Wiertz Museum. But a theatre can be transformed in this way with a vengeance, since it is at bottom nothing but the conduct of the manager, the author and the company. You may endow it in order that great dramatists may help your fellow-citizens to a purifying consciousness of the deepest struggles of the human soul with itself. You may visit it a year after and find these very fellow-citizens hanging breathless on the issue of a stage horse race or prize fight. Hence the need for a guarantee of good conduct. And what more convincing guarantee could be given than the name of Shakespeare as exclusive author to the establishment? No name stands higher in England than his; because the average Englishman never reads his works, and of the small percentage who do, some drop off to sleep at the second page; some find, not what they read, but only the nebulous greatness hypnotically suggested to them by our William's reputation; whilst the few real disciples soon find out the Bard's very serious shortcomings, and are regarded as reduced to absurdity by their own monstrous discovery. Take my own case—a most deserving one—for example. A fortnight ago I ventured to point out in these columns that Julius Cæsar in Shakespeare's play says nothing worthy, or even nearly worthy, of Julius Cæsar. The number of humbugs who have pretended to be shocked by this absolutely incontrovertible remark has lowered my opinion of the human race. There are only two dignified courses open to those who disagree with me. One is to suffer in silence. The other, obviously, is to quote the passage which, in the opinion of the objectors, is worthy of Julius Cæsar. The latter course, however, would involve reading the play; and they would almost as soon think of reading the Bible. Besides, it would be waste of time; for since Shakespeare is accepted as the standard of first-rate excellence, an adverse criticism of him need only be quoted to be accepted as damning evidence against itself. I do not mention this by way of complaint: if these gentlemen saw eye to eye with me they would all be G. B. S.'s; and a press written entirely in my style would be, like an exclusively Shakespearean municipal theatre, a little too much of a good thing. I merely wish to show how the difficulty about guaranteeing the future good

conduct of an endowed theatre can always be got over by simply mentioning our William's name. Assure the public that you will play Shakespeare and that you will not play Ibsen, and your endowment fund will be second in respectability only to the restoration fund of a cathedral.

With regard to Ibsen, Mr. Archer judiciously renounced him wholly as an endowed theatre author; and insisted on our growing our own higher drama. His point was that with a public theatre in the field, not only would those write who never wrote before, but those who write to-day will write the more. Mr. Sachs, in his lecture, had mentioned the instructive fact that the late Mr. Phipps used to take pains to make his theatres look as common as possible lest he should be suspected of being "an Art architect" and lose all his clients. This deliberate debasement of work to suit the ignorance of the customer is a necessary rule of competitive business. Mr. Archer, when he came to speak of our leading dramatists, showed that they were precisely in the Phipps position, and could only raise the standard of their work at the cost of their livelihood. Here, however, certain stirrings of scepticism were felt. Suppose the Waterloo block to the west of Trafalgar Square had been cleared away, and placed, with unlimited funds, at the disposal of Phipps, to do his utter best in the erection of a national theatre there! Would he have proved himself a Wren, compelled by circumstances up to that time to be a nobody? Not altogether, I think. He would no doubt have surpassed himself sufficiently to surprise us, as he did in the case of Her Majesty's Theatre; but the difference would have been the difference between a hundred pounds and a thousand rather than between a great artist-builder and a commercial architect. What happens under our system is that the tradesman supersedes the artist. The tradesman adapts himself to the market: he offers you a third-class article for a third-class price, and a second-class article for a second-class price, preferring the third-class contract if, as often happens, it is the more profitable. First-class work he cannot do at all; and the man who can do it, the artist, cannot do anything else. When second or third-class work is demanded, he may, and very often does, try to do it for the sake of the money, a man with a wife and family being, as Talleyrand said, capable of anything; but he inevitably botches it, and only confirms his employer's prejudice against artists and in favour of tradesmen. A Bovril or Condensed Milk poster by Sir Edward Burne-Jones would probably be worth no more than Wagner's Philadelphia "Centennial" march.

But the world is not quite so clear-cut as this description of it. The distinction between artist and tradesman is not a distinction between one man and another, but between two sides of the same man. The number of persons who, being unquestionably eminent artists, have yet been so absolutely uncommercial as to be uninfluenced by their market, is very small indeed; and of these some, like Giotto, have found their market so entirely sympathetic that in doing as they pleased they simply sailed before the wind; whilst others, like Shelley, Goethe, or Landor, were independent of it in point of both money and social standing. Beethoven, Wagner, and Ibsen, though dependent on their art for both money and position, certainly did eventually take Europe by the scruff of the neck and say, "You shall take what I like and not what you want"; but in comparison with Bunyan and Blake they were keen men of business. I know of no dramatist dependent on his profession who has not been very seriously influenced by his market. Shakespeare's case, the leading one for England, is beyond a doubt. He would have starved if he had followed his bent towards a genuine science of life and character. His instinct for reality had to be surreptitiously gratified under the mask of comedy. Dr. Johnson pointed out long ago that it was only in comedy that our immortal stalking-horse for bogus criticism was really happy. To this day such splendid melodramas as "Othello," with its noble savage, its villain, its funny man, its carefully assorted pathetic and heavy feminine interest, its smothering and suicide, its police-court morality and commonplace thought; or "As you like it," with its Adelphi hero, its prize-fight, its coquet in tights, its good father and wicked

uncle, represent the greatness of Shakespeare to nine-tenths of his adorers, who mostly, when you mention Helena, or the Countess of Rousillon, or Isabella, or Cressida, or Ulysses, or Bertram, stare at you, and think you are talking about Calderon and Homer. We admire Shakespeare solely for his popular plays; and our habit of extolling to the skies what pleases us in them is only our way of flattering our own tastes. The moment we are taken outside "Hamlet" and the half-dozen big popular melodramas which the Bard has sublimified by his tempests of grandiose verse, we are compelled to confess that we prefer Sherlock Holmes for private reading.

If the theatre for which Shakespeare wrote had been of the rank of the Athenian theatre of the Periclean age, I believe on the evidence of his unpopular and practically unknown plays, that he would have done much higher work. And what is true of Shakespeare is no doubt true also, as Mr. Archer suggested (without mentioning names) of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Pinero. What I do not believe is that a public theatre could get so far above the level of its age as to encourage either gentleman to go much further than he has already done. The public theatre will be independent of the greed of syndicates, and will have moral, as distinguished from purely capitalistic aims; but if it has to start with an assurance from Mr. Archer himself that its attitude towards Ibsen will be practically that of the Lyceum Theatre, it is evident that the very wide difference between Sir Henry Irving's opinion of Ibsen and Mr. William Archer's is not expected to find expression in a municipal theatre. I do not demur to the scheme on this ground. A public theatre will take us a step in advance; but I do not think that step will take the drama beyond the point reached 300 years ago in the most popular plays of Shakespeare. In all higher developments, I believe the theatre will follow the dramatic poet, and not the dramatic poet the theatre. Even this next step, which is not to take us as far as Ibsen, is only felt to be necessary because Ibsen has raised our standards and made us ashamed of ourselves. Before 1889, who, except Matthew Arnold, asked for anything more than Sir Henry Irving, Sir Squire Bancroft and Mr. Hare could give us? Since then, who has been content with that prospect? And what happened in 1889 to begin such a revolution? "A Doll's House," of course.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE shadow of Parliament was over the Stock Exchange in the early part of the week. The absence of all reference to the Chinese question in the Queen's speech was looked upon on Tuesday as a bad omen, but Lord Salisbury's statement in the House of Lords reassured the market. The tension was relieved in the Money Market by the announcement that the Chinese loan was at any rate in abeyance. Consols, which displayed a downward tendency at the beginning of the week, on Wednesday took a sharp rise upwards, and were slightly firmer on Thursday. There has not been much activity in any of the departments of the Stock Exchange, but the settlement was easily disposed of and money was plentiful on easy terms.

The three railway dividends of the week were not more encouraging than those already announced. The Great Western dividend of $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. was not below the market estimate, but the fact that only £31,300 was carried over, as compared with £42,884 last year, was not reassuring and the Midland dividend of $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and £38,000 carried forward, as compared with 7 per cent. and £40,036 carried forward last year, had a distinctly depressing effect. The fall would have been greater in both cases had it not been for the excellent traffic reports now to hand. The cessation of the engineering strike has led to such an enormous expansion of business that the outlook for the future is more promising than it has been for some time. The Great Western report shows an increase of £230,000 in receipts, but to obtain this there has been an increase in expenditure of £200,000. In addition to this, the issue of ordinary stock last year takes £18,000 of the

increased profits to pay the same rate of dividend. There has been an increase in the working expenses of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the year, and when the Midland report is issued the increased expenditure on this line will probably be even greater. By the time the London and North Western dividend was announced on Tuesday, the market was prepared for anything, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., as against 8 per cent. for the corresponding period of last year, had no effect upon the market. In the case of this, the last of the important lines to announce its dividend, there has evidently also been a large increase of working expenditure, for the receipts for the half-year show an increase of £172,500.

American Rails have played see-saw during the week, according as the Cuban question has seemed more or less acute, but Canadian Rails have been better. On Thursday Canadian Pacific rose sharply on account of an unofficial announcement that the dividend for the half year was to be $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. with a balance forward of about £300,000. If this is the case the position of "Canpacs" when the Klondyke rush commences in earnest cannot fail to improve still further.

In the Industrial Market the feature of the week has been the continued strength of the new Welsbach shares. During the past fortnight these have risen from about par to over 120, having been at one time as high as 127 $\frac{1}{2}$. There was a great deal of inside buying at first before the public became aware of what was going on, and some one has made a good deal of money. When the outside public discovered the reason for the sudden advance in these shares there is no doubt that it began to invest its money freely in the Company. Not only have arrangements been made with the English gas companies to push the use of the Welsbach mantle, but the Austrian Company, now amalgamated with the English Company, has secured the contract for the lighting of Vienna. In addition to this, however, the announcement has been made that the inventor of the Welsbach mantle has also invented a new incandescent electric lamp which is to be shown in England next month, and is reputed to effect a very great economy in the consumption of electricity. Dr. Auer von Welsbach has handed over his new invention to the Company, and if it is true, as stated, that the new lamp will consume for the same amount of light only one-sixth of the quantity of electric energy necessary in the case of the Ediswan and other lamps at present in use, the value of the invention, provided the lamp can be produced at a reasonable price, will be enormous.

Mr. Bottomley has now returned to town, and he has lost no time in putting the Westralian market to rights again. Consequently, whilst the London and Globe group have been suffering from temporary depression, the Bottomley group has had an innings. Northern Territories have been especially strong. There have been the usual reports of sensational discoveries, and the shares, which not long ago were at a discount, are now at $2\frac{1}{2}$. The run on Lady Shentons has ceased, and there has been a slight set back, owing to profit-taking.

Kaffirs have been a dull market all the week, but although there has been a general set-back, in no cases have declines been other than small in extent. Paris has not been a buyer on account of the Dreyfus business, and there has been a determined attempt to pull down the prices of Deep Level shares. It cannot be said that the attempt has been very successful, but Rand Mines, which had begun to recover, and Gold fields Deep have gone a little lower. The carry over on Monday last showed a majority of changes in favour of holders, the most marked feature being the rise of $2\frac{1}{2}$ in Ferreiras. Rates were generally easy, and the settlement was easily arranged. The crushing returns of the week are not startling. The Geldenhuis Deep shows an increase of 1485 ounces and £2000 more profit for January than in the previous month; the Ferreira return is nearly 1000 ounces less for the month; Simmer and Jack is 2000 ounces more, owing to the increased stamping power; Rose Deep shows a bigger return but a smaller profit, and Crown Deep proves the truth of our fore-

cast by a drop of nearly £4000 in the January profits. The future crushings of the Crown Deep mine will now almost certainly show a great improvement. It was expected in some quarters that the announcement of Mr. Kruger's election as President would exercise a bad influence upon the market, but though it may have accentuated the prevailing dull tone, it had no marked effect either way.

Constantly during the last few weeks we have referred to the favourable attention that copper shares have been receiving. There is little to account for this beyond the rapidly improving position of the copper trade generally. Rapidly as the supply increases, it cannot keep pace with the demand, and there is little doubt that, in the absence of the unforeseen, the position of the copper trade will be even stronger than it is in the course of a few years. As regards production, the United States, of course, has a long start of other producing countries, and increases her distance by leaps and bounds. In 1879 the world's production of copper was only about 152,000 tons, and of this the United States supplied less than 28,000 tons. For last year the world's production has been estimated at nearly 400,000 tons, of which the United States produced more than 210,000, or more than the rest of the world put together. It has been a blessing to our Yankee cousins that Europe has continued to swallow the output. To what extent this has been the case may be gathered from the fact that at the present time the visible supply is only about 29,000 tons, a very small amount, and only sufficient for a few weeks' consumption.

Of course, the reason for this increased demand for copper is so obvious as scarcely to need explanation, and it is also plain that the settlement of the engineering dispute must stimulate the demand. Copper wire and plant for electrical engineering purposes will continue to be the chief cause of increased demand in the near future. But beyond this, copper has become much more popular for household utensils and fittings, whilst the agricultural community, who have learnt the true value of sulphate of copper, the army and the ship-building trade are all crying for more supplies. With these facts before us, it is satisfactory to note the prospects of great increase in the world's production, especially as regards America and Australia, which of course includes Tasmania.

Who will dispute the honesty of Mr. A. J. Wilson? No one, so far as we are aware. Yet this gentleman, with a truly Caledonian sense of proportion, devoted two columns in last week's issue of his "Investor's Review" to a treatise on his own honesty. "Concerning Advertisements" was the title with which the discourse was headed, and as most of Mr. Wilson's writing is interesting and instructive we have read it through. To the extent of a column and a half the high-minded policy to be pursued by "The Investor's Review" was set forth, all of which seemed a little unnecessary and uncalled for. But towards the end the true inwardness of the article was revealed. It was one long apology for an advertisement, containing an interview with Mr. James Crotty of Mount Lyell fame. "The source whence it emanated is quite respectable" pleads Mr. Wilson. True, he knows nothing about Mr. Crotty and thinks the advertisement looks very much like an "extravagantly worded puff." But he must really be forgiven. We trust Mr. Wilson will realise that there is still time to set matters right. He can at least refuse payment for the offending advertisement.

Several attempts have been made lately to buy the Queensland Menzies mine. Three separate offers have been made to the directors at Brisbane and have been refused by them. The intention of the would-be purchasers is to follow the lead so cleverly given by Mr. Charles Kaufman in buying the Lake View and Ivanhoe mines from the shareholders of the Colonial no-liability company, and then bring it out here as an English company with larger capital. It is very amusing to notice how industriously adverse reports are circulated about a mine when it is the interest of certain parties to

bang the market for the purpose of buying stock, but the shareholders have no reason whatever to feel alarmed about some paragraphs that have recently appeared about Queensland Menzies.

NEW ISSUES.

DAVID THOM AND COMPANY.

The businesses to be acquired by David Thom, Domeier & Company are those of David Thom & Company of Whit Lane Works, Pendleton, Manchester, and of Domeier & Company of 13 St. Mary-at-Hill, London. Soap, oil, tallow and especially glycerine have been their articles of manufacture. The price to be paid for the two businesses is £147,459, all of which will be taken in cash, except £26,660 which will be taken in cash or shares. The profits for the last year, according to a certificate of Messrs. Marshall, Gibbon & Company, and Mr. George Shead, of London, amounted to £21,110. The share capital of the Company is £180,000 divided into 18,000 six per cent. cumulative preference shares of £5 each, and 18,000 ordinary shares of £5 each. Sixteen thousand of each class of shares comprise the present issue. According to the prospectus, the object is to supply plant to meet the increasing demand, and we are told that by this means the supply can be nearly doubled. But it must be noted that the vendors are taking nearly all the purchase price in cash, and a cash balance of only £12,541 is left for the Company. If the businesses have been doing the enormous trade insinuated by this prospectus, are we to believe that the possession of a sum of £12,541 makes such an important change in their position and resources? Surely that amount of ready money should have been easily obtained by prosperous manufacturers, without recourse to partnership with the public. Then there is no valuation report; the only definite information obtainable is that the freehold premises in Manchester (except mines and minerals) are subject to a yearly chief rent of £92 4s. 4d. Why this inadequate piece of information should be dropped into the prospectus, even down to the last 4d., it is impossible to say. Besides this ominous absence of a valuation report attention must be drawn to the curious manner in which the certificate of profits is made out. The two businesses are jumbled together without distinction. It is impossible to say which firm has been making the bulk of the profits. It is worth pointing out, however, that little is revealed about the Manchester business, but scarcely anything at all regarding the London house.

BUENOS AYRES TRAMWAY.

The River Plate Trust Loan and Agency Company, Limited, are authorised to offer for subscription £280,000 five per cent. debenture stock and £200,000 six per cent. A preference shares of the Buenos Ayres and Belgrano Electric Tramways Company, Limited. The Company has been formed to amalgamate (A) the concessions, lines and properties of the Buenos Ayres and Belgrano Tramways Company, Limited; (B) the concession recently granted to Mr. Charles Bright for an electric tramway between Buenos Ayres and Belgrano, together with lines constructed or in course of construction. The share capital of the Company is £850,000 divided into 40,000 "A" 6 per cent. cumulative preference, 30,000 "B" 6 per cent. cumulative preference and 100,000 ordinary shares of £5 each. There is also authorised £320,000 five per cent. debenture stock.

MILK STERILIZING.

The "Excel" (British and Colonial) Milk Sterilizing Company, Limited, has been formed with a capital of £100,000 in £1 shares, all of which are offered for public subscription. The object is to acquire the patent of the "Excel" Sterilized Milk Company, Vandon Street, Westminster. With the prospectus are published favourable reports from leading journals and authorities. The purchase price has been fixed at £40,000, payable as to £7500 in cash, and the balance in cash or fully paid shares.

ELECTRIC TRACTION.

The British Electric Traction Company was formed in

November, 1896. The share capital is £600,000, divided into 30,000 six per cent. cumulative preference shares of £10 each and 30,000 ordinary shares of £10 each. The whole of the latter have been issued and allotted, whilst the Electric and General Instrument Company, Limited, are now appealing for subscriptions to 10,000 six per cent. cumulative preference shares of £10 each at £12 10s. per share. Unless prospective investors have special means of obtaining information, and are prepared to take the trouble to avail themselves of these means, a purchase of these shares must be, practically speaking, a leap in the dark. The prospectus is as bare as such a document can well be. A list of thirteen provincial electric tramways and light railway enterprises, which are said to be engaging the attention of the Company, is published without details. This is all the information offered. It is questionable whether the public will pay 25 per cent. premium on such meagre information.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

HUDSON BAYS (M. P., Chelsea).—You bought as a speculation. You have a big profit and your best plan is to secure it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HARP OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scottish Liberal Club, Edinburgh.

SIR,—You may remember some letters I wrote on this subject. Incidentally, I may say, as a proof of acknowledged national acceptance at the time of Ireland's convulsion in 1798, that there is in the possession of his granddaughter a little gold brooch of the kind then used by gentlemen, which had been given to her grandfather in the beginning of this century, and who was then living in France, by an exiled Irishman whom he had befriended. On the border of the harp are engraved shamrocks and stars, and below are the words "Erin go brah."

Mr. Thomas Grahame, my grand-uncle, died comparatively young and left only one child, then an infant, so that all trace or knowledge of who the Irishman was is lost, unless some living Irishman has a corroborative clue.

The brooch was known in the family as the "Exile of Erin," and to see it awakens feelings of poignant commiseration with brave and unhappy men and of pathetic remembrance of those days "a hundred years since," when many things were left undone that should have been done, and as many were done which should have been left undone.

Has it not struck you as a matter of government that in the category of confession sins of omission rank in evil precedence before sins of commission?

JAMES GRAHAME.

OUR FRONTIER POLICY: A CRITICISM AND A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 Cadogan Square, S.W.,
10 February, 1898.

SIR,—Our relations with the independent tribes on the Punjab frontier have hitherto been conducted by officers of the Punjab Civil Service. Their duties are of two distinct kinds—administrative and political. The former includes all the work performed by the Civil Services in India generally; upon the latter our relations with the tribesmen depend. In the early days of our occupation of the Punjab this system worked well enough. The administration of the British districts was a comparatively light affair, and our frontier officers had much more time to devote to their political duties. The railways, the telegraph, the increase of population, and the modernisation of the Government machine has changed all this. The frontier officer to-day is overwhelmed with administrative and routine work, and has less time to devote to the tribes, who have become merely a troublesome incident in his daily round. Now, any one who has had much to do with natives—with Afghans in particular—will admit that in order to obtain influence over them—a real knowledge of

them—an abundance of time is necessary. A successful political officer must be always accessible, always patient; he should be able to sit for hours at a time listening to an endless stream of talk. Unless an Afghan, who is a slow talker and a slow thinker, can empty himself of all he has to say, he goes off sulky and discontented. A brief visit and early dismissal will not do. Many cups of tea and countless cigarettes must be absorbed before the real object of his call is reached. No frontier officer of to-day who is at the same time a civil servant, however able, has time to do this. His relations with the tribesmen must become more and more formal, less and less intimate, until he loses all real touch with them. It is my firm belief that had there been a few carefully selected political officers on the frontier whose whole time and attention could have been devoted to the tribes much friction, many expeditions and a vast amount of blood and treasure would have been saved. For years the tribesmen have had no one to go to, no one upon whom they could depend. Consequently, they came to brood over their grievances, real or imaginary, and nursed them till they burst into flame. We have had one frontier officer, Colonel Warburton, in the Khaibar. He was handicapped by being partly under the Government of India and partly under the Commissioners of Peshawar; but he had a comparatively free hand, and, above all, he had nothing to do but look after the tribes. For seventeen years he kept the Afridis in perfect order, and he changed the Khaibar from being the most dangerous place on the frontier into as safe a highway as any in India. It is true they have broken out in the end; but Colonel Warburton had, I think, left before then, and whether his going had anything to do with the outbreak or not, I am quite sure that had he not been there at all we should have had constant trouble in the Afridi country instead of this long period of unbroken peace. In any case, that the most warlike and turbulent tribe on all the frontier were kept perfectly quiet for seventeen years is sufficient proof of what can be done by a special officer with his whole time to dispose of.

I have left myself little space in which to discuss the merits of the schools, Forward and Backward. There is, indeed, no choice in the matter. I cannot conceive any one knowing India well and at the same time proposing that we should await a blow from Russia on the Indus line. This policy dates from the days when the Tsar had no foothold beyond the Caspian. To-day he has Northern Persia, Khorassan, Herat, and the whole of Afghan Turkestan at his mercy. If a blow is to come from that direction it must be met as far from the borders of India itself as possible, for what would our position be on the Indus with all India seething with discontent, disaffection, and alarm, in our rear? That there is discontent and disaffection already no one can be so blind as to deny; that the mere shadow of a possible Russian success against us would increase it a thousandfold is certain; that the best and most loyal of our subjects and of the feudatory Chiefs would begin to waver and to hedge is more than probable. Who is to blame or wonder at them for doing so, should Russia be knocking at the gate? Opinion may be divided as to the power of Russia to reach the Indian frontier at all; but that she could absorb the whole of Afghan Turkestan, and, unless prevented by us, dominate the Kandahar-Kabul line in a few weeks, the greatest optimist cannot doubt. Such an occupation would shake India to its foundation, and create an element of uncertainty and doubt as to our stability from one end of the country to the other. We could not endure such a state of affairs, and should have to attack, under every disadvantage, and our prestige disastrously impaired. Hence the Forward Policy—forward because there is no choice. At the first threat of a Russian move south-eastward the Kabul-Ghazni-Kandahar line must be occupied, and it held at all costs. To do this, we must have roads up which to send our troops.

The passes must be opened and kept open—the Khaibar, the Gomal, the Tochi and the rest—for our hold on India depends upon it. Even before this paramount and urgent necessity arose scarcely a year passed without its expedition into the country of one or another of the frontier tribes. The adoption of the forward

policy has, therefore, made little difference to us in that respect. Chitral, Hunza, and Nagar would have been Russian dependencies had we not stepped in, and to say that the Afridis rose as a protest against our Chitral policy is to display ignorance of the geography of the country and the character of the tribes.

Lest it should be supposed that this is an empiric criticism, it is right that I should mention the experience on the strength of which I have ventured to discuss so momentous a subject. I have served in India for twenty years—for thirteen of these under the Foreign Department. It so happened that when a change in our frontier policy came into prominence I was in the Foreign Office itself under Sir Mortimer Durand, and so had an opportunity of studying the question in all its bearings.

W. EVANS-GORDON, Major.

PROGRESSIVE SYSTEMATISED INSANITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your issue of 29 January, "Medicus" makes a severe onslaught on General Practitioners, and their "pitiful ignorance" "of every form and type of insanity," and expresses his conviction that their opinion on insanity is of no more value than that of the "untutored layman." If this diatribe is only intended to show that the doctor who has to practise all branches of medical knowledge, is not as deeply read or skilled as a specialist in one minor department, such as insanity, the contention is self-evident; but it might have been expressed in more courteous language. "Medicus" is right perhaps in stating that the average medical man does not make a deep study of insanity, but it is downright nonsense to state that "90 per cent" have never studied the subject at all. In the whole subject of medicine there can be nothing of such deep human interest as the study of the tragedy of minds diseased. The legal responsibilities of the humblest doctor in relation to the insane also induce him to study the subject in his own self-interest; and I submit that the average medical man acquires from the ordinary text-books and from his general experience a good working knowledge quite sufficient for the preliminary requirements of his patients and the State. It is true there are many lunatics like Prince at large, and it would not require a learned lunacy specialist to pick them out. Such cases may or may not be brought to a doctor's notice, if they are brought to his notice, he would no doubt advise that the patient should be put under restraint, but friends are frequently reluctant to believe their relatives are insane, and usually hesitate to take the necessary steps. It is rather too much to ask that the doctor himself should act as a sort of Public Prosecutor in all such cases; though he habitually sets the law in motion in many. Take for instance the case of a patient sent to an asylum on the advice of a doctor, in an early stage of disease; he is cured by proper treatment, and in a short time comes out into the world again, and perhaps starts an action at law against the unfortunate doctor, for causing him to have been improperly sent to an asylum. The doctor is partially protected if he has acted with good faith, but at the best he has a large bill of costs to pay even if he wins.

Whether the Public are ever likely to submit, even temporarily, their liberties to a body of highly-trained medical specialists, is a doubtful question. Theoretically it might be better for them, if they would consent to be deprived of their freedom, to have their eccentricities carefully watched! As a matter of fact, they at present seem to prefer the protection of judges and magistrates, unversed in the higher knowledge of diseases of the mind, and are prepared to submit with equanimity to the remote possibility that somebody else may be killed by the freak of some eccentric individual who has escaped being certified and detained as a lunatic.

"Medicus," judging from his letter, appears to be a lunacy specialist. May I suggest that, instead of dealing unmercifully with his medical colleagues, he should indicate the lines on which the present laws should be altered, and especially point out how doctors are to be adequately protected if they carry out their unpleasant duties with care and in good faith.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

M. R. C. S., J. P.

REVIEWS.

SIR GAVAN DUFFY.

"My Life in Two Hemispheres." By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. 2 vols. London: Unwin.

"I PROPOSE to write my memoirs," says Sir Gavan Duffy, "not because I assume that the world is impatient to become acquainted with my adventures and misadventures, but because I have seen life under strange and varied conditions in two hemispheres, have encountered many notable men, and have something to tell of these protracted experiences which may prove worth hearing." He may set his mind at rest about that; worth hearing it certainly is. Nor are we interested, as he too modestly assumes, only in the things he has seen and encountered, but in the man himself who has seen and encountered them, and tells us all about them here in two fine volumes that have not a dull page from first to last. Conscious self-portraiture is never very convincing; in most autobiographies a man smirks at you from the printed page with the same affected expression with which he faces a camera. The most modest man, sitting down in cold blood to write his own story, puts on something of the air of his own statue erected by public subscription. Sir Gavan has as little of it as could be fairly expected. He promises at the outset to make the story as impersonal as possible, and not to "pause upon any event merely because it concerns the narrator, unless it possesses some historic value, or illustrates habits and customs which have since passed away;" and for the most part keeps his promise. For that very reason the personal impression he makes here is all the more complete and convincing. And a very pleasant impression it is of a man of impulsive temperament, broadening out from the raw fervour inseparable from youth in such natures to a middle life of practical activity and an old age of ripe experience, never able to escape wholly from his original impulsiveness, and losing in the ripening process nothing of his abounding vitality, his keen enjoyment of life under all circumstances, and, dominant note of all, his ardent faith in good-comradeship as the best thing in the world. These volumes are cram full of good stories about many people; but they are never mere gossip, for the narrator has insight and a sense of humour, and has gone through life with an observing eye as well as a note-book.

The first volume covers the period of the "Nation," down to the end of the Smith O'Brien fiasco and the State trials of 1848. Mr. Lecky, who will not be suspected of any bias in favour of the Young Irelanders, has said of their work,—"What the 'Nation' was when Gavan Duffy edited it, when Davis, McCarthy, and their brilliant associates contributed to it, Irishmen can never forget. Seldom has any journal of the kind exhibited a more splendid combination of eloquence, of poetry, and of reasoning." If Irishmen cannot indeed forget, the remembrance must surely be made bitter by contemporary comparisons. Think of eloquence, of poetry, of reasoning, and then—of the existing Irish parties! Mr. Lecky's judgment, however, is not altogether acceptable. The eloquence and the poetry are not in dispute; but the reasoning was of the visionary-literary kind, unhampered by knowledge of a world in which compromise rules. The young men of whom Duffy was chief were richly endowed with enthusiasm. Their real influence—a great and permanent influence—was on Irish thought and literature. For the creation of a national sentiment they were the ideal men; but as men of immediate action they were quite impossible. This volume is almost entirely given up to a record of their work. It is probably the most complete account we shall ever have of the Young Irelanders; and it fully confirms our impression of them as men with a magnificent ignorance of practical life, which they conceived as a splendid peroration or a series of brilliant leading articles. The peasantry to whom they addressed themselves were an ideal peasantry that never existed at all; as they discovered when their attempt at insurrection ended, not with the rally of a united nation, waiting for the word, to their standard, but in the Ballangary cabbage-garden and with the arrest of Smith O'Brien, the most futile

leader of revolt in history. Duffy, even in this his hot youth, saw something of the folly of all this; for he drew up a report "on the ways and means of attaining an Irish Parliament," in which he pointed out that mere turbulence, or agitation with no definite scheme of action, had never accomplished much, and advocated an independent party in the British House of Commons as the effective weapon. But the revolution in Paris swept him, with the others, off his feet into insurrectionary methods, with ludicrous result. The story of these exultant and exuberant years of the early forties to their tragi-comic close, of the decline of O'Connell's influence after the Clontarf meeting, and the division of the repealers into the inevitable factions of every Irish movement, is a very living narrative in Sir Gavan's hands.

The collapse of the insurrectionary movement left him with a much firmer grip of the practical side of public work than he had before. It was a disillusionment, but a very useful and educational one; and that he profited by it was evident from the work to which he applied the revived "Nation"—the formation of the Tenants' League and the drawing up of definite and attainable proposals for agrarian reform. In 1852 he was returned to Parliament for New Ross. His intimacy with many of the notable people of the time gives a lively interest to the chapters dealing with his life in London as an M.P. But meantime the Irish movement had fallen upon the days of Keogh and Sadleir, and Duffy, being an honest man, grew disgusted, and decided to throw the whole business up and go to Australia.

The success of Irishmen in the self-governing colonies has been used many a time as a text for homilies on English misgovernment. "Look at Duffy, for example," it is said. "Here is the man whom you turned into a rebel, tried for treason, and finally drove abroad in despair. In a free country he becomes Prime Minister. You are continually driving the best men out from Ireland in this way." Sir Gavan effectually disposes of such talk by admitting candidly that it was not English misgovernment at all, but Irish quarrelling and faction that drove him out. "An Ireland where Mr. Keogh typified patriotism and Dr. Cullen the Church was an Ireland in which I could not live," he says, announcing his Australian resolve. And again, when he revisited England in 1865, he half yielded to the persuasion to remain and stand again for an Irish constituency; but finding upon inquiry that they were squabbling with one another as usual, "I determined to return to Australia." During his second visit, in 1874, he was again pressed to re-enter public life here, but even before he set foot in Dublin he found that one faction was using the influence of his name, secured by forgery, in its fight against the other, and again he turned, with evident regret, back to Melbourne. English misgovernment would never have driven him away. He enjoyed the fight against it, and might have made a career for himself in the House of Commons had he remained, as he would have remained but for his growing mistrust of Irish politicians. In Australia his success was rapid and unchecked. But, although he flung himself into the work of the young colony with all the energy of which he was capable, enjoyed it as he seems to have enjoyed life all through, and received its highest honours as Premier and in the end Speaker of its Parliament, the old love remained with him. A man belongs to his youth all his days; you cannot transplant him at forty and give him full satisfaction in a new sphere. The old days and the old comrades have their call for him, and we find him writing home in this strain: "I have never regretted coming here, but I have missed many things. If I could love my work as well as the work of old, and be as ready to spend and be spent in it, and love my associates half as well, this would be a heaven upon earth."

The greater part of his second volume deals with Australian affairs, and gives us a very interesting picture of the beginnings of self-government in Victoria. He tells a story of two ministers with whom he was conversing when a third entered, dressed in Windsor uniform, and was met by an inquiry as to what fire brigade he had joined. Against the free-and-easy

methods of public life indicated by that question we find him protesting. His experience at Westminster made him an authority on Parliamentary customs in the Old World, and the spectacle of the young Irishman of 1843 developing into the instructor of a new Parliament upon points of ceremonial and etiquette is not wanting in humour. For the record of more solid work that he put to his credit during the quarter of a century in which he was one of the foremost figures in Victorian public life, we must refer the reader to the volume itself; and, in taking leave of Sir Gavan, venture to congratulate him upon the decision that saved him from wasting a lifetime in a thankless cause, and sent him out to be, if not a great, at least a serviceable, worker for the Empire.

PERSIAN VERSE.

"The Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám." A Facsimile of the Manuscript in the Bodleian Library. Translated and edited by Edward Heron-Allen. London: Nichols.

"Poems from the Divan of Hafiz." Translated by Gertrude Lowthian Bell. London: Heinemann.

THE worshippers of Omar Khayyám must beware that they do not bore us to death with their idol. On the front of one of the temples of antiquity was inscribed the mystic formula "Enough is as good as a Feast," and we should like to see these words translated into Persian of the twelfth century, for distribution among the devotees of the Tent-making Astronomer. In this age, when the mania for scribbling has reached truly formidable proportions, and a thousand scribes, with their pens in their hands, are fidgetting to discover a subject, a new thing has only to be invented to be immediately over-worked. What was unknown yesterday is popular to-day, and will be hackneyed to-morrow. We are among those who have most warmly supported the fame of Omar Khayyám, as presented to the western world in FitzGerald's incomparable translation, but even we are beginning to be a little tired of a theme that every poetaster raves about. The youthful æstete in "Punch" declared that "before a Botticelli I am dumb!" Cannot a new law be promulgated, "Before the word 'Rubáiyat' I silently fade away"?

These petulant remarks are not intended to prejudice the reader against Mr. Heron-Allen's useful and scholarly volume. But they are suggested by it, because the completeness and full apparatus of this edition seem finally exhaustive. They leave nothing further to be said, and we should be glad to see it punishable by law to add anything, for at least five years, to Omarian literature. We do not think that any one can, for the present at all events, glean with profit on the field which Mr. Heron-Allen has so very closely reaped. The intrepidity of translators is amazing; the signal success of FitzGerald has not prevented, to our certain knowledge, seven persons from making versions of Omar Khayyám of their own, most of these daring souls being not in any way disheartened by the fact of their being ignorant of the Persian language. With these strange adventurers Mr. Heron-Allen is not to be confounded. He has made a close and independent study of the subject, and his version is a highly valuable aid to the appreciation of FitzGerald.

The MS. which he has transcribed and edited is one of the most beautiful Persian MSS. of the fifteenth century now extant. It was discovered in the Bodleian in 1856 by Professor Cowell, when he was examining the Ouseley collection. It is "written upon thick yellow paper in purple-black ink, profusely powdered with gold," and is a fine specimen of the species of calligraphy called *Nastálík*, or "copper-plate" cursive writing. No doubt, ages ago, it exhaled the perfume of those costly essences with which the Persians were accustomed to drench their MSS. This text Mr. Heron-Allen has reproduced in full in two forms, the one in half-tone, showing the imperfections of the original and darkly dotted with gold leaf, the other in line-block, in which the characters can be deciphered with much greater ease. This is the earliest codex of Omar Khayyám known to exist, and was made in the year 1460. The next in point of age, that in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, is at least seventy

years later, while the Bodleian MS. has this great advantage over the Parisian and still later texts that it "is the only one which is complete in itself, and does not form part of a collection in a *bāyās* or commonplace-book. It is the MS. which can most conveniently be compared with FitzGerald's translation, since it contains only 158 quatrains.

It is supposed by the best authorities that this number marks the limit of the original poem, and that the redundant additions which are found in later texts—one of these contains 770 quatrains—are spurious. The causes which have led to this augmentation of the text are ingeniously summarised by Mr. Heron-Allen. The translation which this gentleman gives is made, very properly, in prose, and is not only literal, but accompanied by glosses so exhaustive that even a reader unacquainted with Persian may form an exact impression of the texture of the poem. Occasionally we find a stanza which we are surprised that FitzGerald could resist,—

"The heavens rain down blossoms from the clouds,
Thou mayest say that they shed blossoms into the garden;

In a lily-like cup I pour rosy wine,
As the violet clouds pour down jessamine."

Or,—

"Arise! bring physic to this oppressed heart,
Bring that musk-scented and rose-coloured wine;
If thou desirest the elements of sorrow's antidote,
Bring ruby wine and the silk-string'd lute."

In his notes, Mr. Heron-Allen minutely examines FitzGerald's version by the side of the original, quatrain by quatrain, and it is exceedingly interesting to make the comparison. In fact, Mr. Heron-Allen's handsome volume is an indispensable corollary to FitzGerald's English poem. We have but one reproach to make to him. He is called upon to mention the name of FitzGerald some hundreds of time, and on every occasion he contrives to spell it wrongly. We marvel that any one can study the correspondence of FitzGerald, and observe his constant "E. F. G." without learning to use the capital letter in the second syllable of the surname. Should another edition of the book be called for, Mr. Heron-Allen must be more accurate.

As early as 1846, FitzGerald was thinking of translating "some of the good things of Hafiz," and it is much to be regretted that he did not carry out this excellent intention. Seven years later, when he had seriously taken up the study of Persian, it was Jám who attracted him, although in 1857 he wrote, "I have carefully gone over two-thirds of Hafiz again." Later on, he decided that Hafiz "best is untranslatable, because he is the best musician of words." This poet, whom Tennyson described as the most Eastern of all writers of verse, has successively attracted a great many English translators, of whom Miss Lowthian Bell is the latest. She has paraphrased forty-three of the most striking lyrics in the "Divan," and in such a manner as to produce a graceful impression of the ancient Persian epicureanism. Miss Lowthian Bell is happier in her use of iambic than of anapæstic measures; and as the latter unquestionably give the closer reproduction of the Persian prosody, this is somewhat unfortunate. To her very charming volume she has prefixed an excellent Life of Hafiz, the most complete and yet sober which we have met with. Her notes are capital reading, and display humour as well as erudition. Judged, however, purely as a reproduction of Hafiz, we cannot say that Miss Lowthian Bell's accomplished volume entirely satisfies us. Some day an English scholar, who is also a metrist, will, we are convinced, give us a translation of Hafiz in which the curious rhythms and rhymes of the original are closely reproduced. Until this is done, the ordinary British reader can form but a very remote idea of the poet's style. What Miss Lowthian Bell supplies is a garland of English lyrics, very modern and Western, of the school of Rossetti and Morris, in which a Persian theme is cleared of its obscurities and incoherencies, and is embroidered over with Pre-Raphaelite verbiage. This may be very charming—and Miss Lowthian Bell's effects are sometimes delightfully skilful—but it can never quite be Hafiz. Still, we are pleased to have her pretty book.

MR. CONRAD'S LATEST STORY.

"The Nigger of the 'Narcissus.'" A Tale of the Sea.
By Joseph Conrad. London: Heinemann.

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD is visibly improving. His second book, "An Outcast of the Islands," was much better than "Almayer's Folly," the work which introduced him to the public. What in point of publication, at least, may be called his third production—"An Outpost of Progress," recently published in "Cosmopolis"—was distinctly superior to that earlier couple, both in style and in grasp of the principles of construction. It may be as well to speak briefly of the qualities these three works have in common, before passing to a consideration of "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus.'"

In this trio of tales there is a single theme—the degeneracy of the white man under the influences of the South Sea islands. The term is geographically inexact, no doubt, for Mr. Conrad's chosen scene is in the Malayan Archipelago, where Dutch gunboats and a Mohammedan hierarchy affect at least the surface conditions of native life. In essentials, however, one does not detect many variations from the type studied by Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa. There is always the Caucasian enslaved by the forces that he came to conquer, the non-militant, alluring, poisonous forces which insidiously sap the courage and conscience and manhood of the superior alien. Whether the natives are Malays or Papuans seems not to matter. The white man, confronted in his idleness by the great solitudes, tempted by the seductions of drink and gluttony, cannot maintain a sufficient hold upon himself to preserve his individuality. His environment softens and disintegrates him. Through delirium tremens, or simple madness or some other of the abhorrent rear gates which it is civilisation's task to keep closed, he degenerates. He is scarcely a profitable subject for study in himself—is indeed the emptiest and least significant of humanity's failures. But his background can be made so strikingly picturesque, and the sensuous aspects of his undoing can be painted with such safe breadth of handling that the popular vogue he has enjoyed in the fiction of the past half-dozen years is quite easily to be understood. It is enough to say that Mr. Conrad's books of this sort, along with their defects, have merits which put them, and especially the latest of them, among the best of their kind.

In "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus,'" however, the author turns his back abruptly upon what one had begun to fear was his "speciality." Nothing in his earlier works, moreover, had hinted at the possibility of this *volte face*. In them the sea was felt rather than discussed. There was always the suggestion of the illimitable ocean wastes, but at most the reader saw them through the eyes of the lonely trader, strained to catch the longed-for smudge of steamer-smoke on the pitiless horizon. Nowhere can we recall a passage in which the sea becomes less impersonal than is the desert of the "Talisman."

But now Mr. Conrad, wisely leaving the degenerate sots of the islands to their unlamented fate, takes ship, and gives us the sea as no other story-teller of our generation has been able to render it. This is high praise, but it is precisely the praise which the description of the "Narcissus" in the storm compels. We know nothing else so vivid and so convincing in contemporary fiction as the way in which the reader is forced, along with the crew, to hang on for dear life to the perilously slanting deck. The rest of the book, however, makes no such potential demand upon our enthusiasm. Its best features continue to be those which have to do with the ships and the deep. A vast deal of excellent observation and much hard work have obviously been lavished upon the crew, but considering the space they occupy, the interest they arouse is surprisingly slight. The cook is rather well done, and the second officer, Creighton, though seen only in glimpses, produces a distinct impression of reality. Other figures, like Old Singleton and the Captain, though delineated with almost an excess of detail, somehow do not come out of the canvas. The cockney loafer and ruffian, Donkin, although given by far the largest "speaking part" of the lot, remains shadowy. We are far from assuming plagiarism, un-

conscious or otherwise, and if "The Ebb Tide" had never been written, it is conceivable that Donkin might have established himself as the type instead. As it is, he only reminds one of somebody else. It cannot be said that the "Nigger" himself attains even that limited success. He wearies the reader from the outset, as one feels he bored and fatigued the writer.

In a word, Mr. Conrad has not realised, as yet, the importance of what is called the "human interest." There is, however, such substantial promise in Mr. Conrad's steady progress up to the present, and there is so much really fine work in this latest book, that we look with some confidence to see him strengthen himself in this weak point.

ON COMPARATIVE THEOLOGY.

"The Evolution of the Idea of God." By Grant Allen.
London: Grant Richards.

"The Canon; an Exposition of the Pagan Mystery Perpetuated in the Cabala as the Rule of all the Arts." Anonymous. London: Elkin Mathews.

HUMOUR, I take it, is the perception, the persistent remembrance of the fluctuating illogical quality of men and things, of men more than of things. And it is one of the humours of life that man the egregious, defines himself as a reasonable soul. Continuously and completely rational beings may perhaps exist, but no man is continually and completely rational. First he is limited since he has no ultimate data; and secondly, he forgets. One must be very powerfully observant or very powerfully introspective to realise how much of the conscious daily life of man, quite apart from instinct, is the creation of external suggestion and chance, and ill-read experience, distorted memory, and forgetfulness. And even when this is realised, the industrious anthropologist may quite easily forget it again in pursuit of some attractive theory of mental processes. Mr. Grant Allen, for instance, forgets it, directly the stress of theory-building begins. He would have us believe that all gods are the apotheosis of dead ancestors, that whenever we worship, or whatever we worship, we worship directly or indirectly a dead tribal "boss." He would have us believe that all sacred stones were sepulchral stones, and sacred trees, sepulchral trees, and generally he drives to death one admirable and indisputable explanation of why men worship. For to any one who has given any close attention to his own mental processes or the mental processes of other people, it is certain there are at least a dozen different ways, primary separate ways, by which a man may arrive at worshipping a stone, and to any one not blind and strenuous in pursuit of something "fresh and original" in anthropological theory, it is perfectly obvious that individuals out of the billions of ape men and men the ages have seen, must have traversed every one of these possible ways. No doubt stones have been stuck upon graves to keep down the dead, but no doubt they have been stuck up in other places for endless reasons or for no reason at all—"for fun" as boys say when they do a thing out of excess of energy. And an isolated stone, naturally or artificially standing out, admits of endless interpretation and has carried them all. It was personified and worshipped for its own sake, it was regarded as great medicine, it was amusing, it was fearful, it was queer, it was disliked, oddities of form suggested grotesque phallic interpretations, it was associated with or identified with something else; the point of view affected the interpretation, it may have had its sombre and its genial aspects. The same man in different moods may have regarded it in very various ways. He forgot, new suggestions came. Only with the coming of organized tradition and complex powers of language, only when savagery was over and the barbaric stage reached, when men talked freely and the Word grew potent, only then would the treatment of the remarkable stone grow at all uniform. A man then would remember what he told another man, would remember what he had been told. In one community one point of view could get the upper hand, in another, another. In each community there would be a struggle for existence of the possible interpretation of the stone of the district. The erection of sepulchral stones, their identification with worshipful corpses, the

promotion to godhead no doubt occurred. Mr. Grant Allen's collection of unauthenticated evidence in the matter proves nothing but that. It barely proves that. It does not prove that all other possible interpretations did not also occur.

Then again, Mr. Grant Allen propounds a beautiful theory of "stages" in the worship of the dead, "Corpse worship," "Ghost worship," "Shade worship," which answer to the "three stages of preservation or mummification, burial and cremation." There never were such stages. The primitive man, the early paleolithic man probably did many different things with a human dead body. He left it about and beasts devoured it. He was carnivorous and buried it and dug it up and ate it, or after he had fire, he cooked and ate it. If he was forgetful or unfortunate with his fire these things amounted to burial or cremation. Or he kept by it, because he had liked the person, expecting it to revive, until it became objectionable, or until he forgot that point of view and felt hungry. At any rate he has left us no graves. Some neolithic men buried their chiefs and great people at any rate. We know that because of the mounds they have left. What became of the common men we do not know. Some neolithic people burnt their dead. Early neolithic mummies are not in evidence to confirm Mr. Grant Allen's theory. The Greeks anciently buried, took to burning, and reverted to burial. There are dozens of adequate reasons and quasi reasons why a tribe should give up burial for burning or *vice versa*. The idea of an immediate terrestrial millennium substituted burial for burning at the outbreak of Christianity. Hygienic theories are restoring cremation. In a settled community where there is no convenient great river, to eat, bury or burn are the only possible ways of getting rid of a dead body. Exposure is only possible to nomads—some of whom do it. The idea of a worldwide logical and orderly development of opinion about the fate of the dead, affecting, in the most logical manner, the funereal practice of humanity, is *à priori* incredible, and quite unsupported by the facts of the case.

But it is Mr. Grant Allen's merit that he makes his theorising look far more flimsy than it is. This ingenious theory of the three stages is placed in the forefront of the book, and in a remarkably ill-advised preface—Mr. Grant Allen will ruin himself by writing prefaces—attention is especially called to it as a remarkable discovery. Hasty people may be pardoned for an altogether unfavourable judgment. As a matter of fact, in spite of this theory of the Three Stages, his book, read with distrust, is as valuable and suggestive a book as has appeared for many a day. It lacks the solid conviction of Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, perhaps, but it has much the same quality of imaginative stimulation. If the three-stage theory is bad, the amplification of the thesis of that most valuable and unreadable book, Fraser's "Golden Bough," is a complete compensation. And the collection of matter about manufactured gods is richly suggestive. For the first time there is placed before the general reader a theory—and a very remarkable theory—of the origin of Christian practices that has hitherto been accessible only to the laborious erudite. That alone makes it necessary to read this book. It is a book to quarrel with perhaps, but certainly it is a book to be read.

Of "The Canon" one can scarcely say as much. It is a forbidding mass of matter, opening gravely with impossible premises. The first sentence propounds its wild assumption: "The failure of all efforts in modern times to discover what constituted the ancient canon of the arts has made this question one of the most hopeless puzzles which antiquity presents." But suppose there was no canon? Who says there was a canon? Before we are over two pages we have it assumed that "the priests are practically the masters of the old world" (*cf.* Maspero), and that there is "an esoteric doctrine of religion" which has come down to us "in unbroken continuity at least from the building of the Great Pyramid." After that it is not surprising to find a suggestion that there is a mystical meaning in Hamlet, for the devotees of the Bacon-Shakespeare cryptogram are of one kin with and the degenerate successors of the Gnostics and Cabalists. But the book is

not so wild and whirling as its preliminary assumptions and its lapse towards the esoteric theory of Hamlet suggest. Admit its grounds of action, admit that profoundly wise priesthood with its unaccountable desire to transmit inconclusive science by cryptographic means to posterity, and the rest is a sane and laborious effort, not without interest even to the incredulous. The modern mystic is commonly a poor fool, on the verge of entire intellectual disorganization. But the anonymous author of "The Canon" is not of that generation; his work has the unmistakable quality of power. He is three or twelve hundred years out of his generation, which is after all his misfortune rather than his fault. Amidst the Rosicrucians or the Gnostics he would have been a great master. The chapters on the Cabala, The Ark and The Temples, for instance, are really admirable expositions of a method of inquiry that I had thought vanished from the earth. Yet but a little while since, in spite of Montaigne and the vulgar habit of thought, it was the prevailing method among learned and scholarly men. So late as the days of Milton, Comenius was endeavouring to systemise it as the Analogical Method.

The modern method of inquiry, as Bacon described it, was of course a systematised Fetishism, the natural human method in all ages. Shallow unthinking people use the word "Fetishism" as if it were the quintessence of folly instead of the quintessence of common sense. The essential idea of Fetish is that cause follows effect, an idea underlying all rational operations, the fault of the system is that each savage who practises it has to discover for himself for the most part what is adequate fetish for the effect he desires and what is not. He dies before his system has clarified. Bacon's great idea was essentially a systematisation of Fetish, a permanent record of experiences, the sane correlation of effects and causes, and the elimination of sham from operative Fetishes. The immense impetus given to knowledge by the experimental method has now finally carried scientific certitude in many directions beyond the reach of experimental verification. But to a certain type of men and perhaps to all women a purely scientific method has ever been unsatisfactory; a certain imaginative type is perpetually reaching out towards some transcendent parallelism or systematisation of phenomena, irrespective of the causative relationships of ordinary experience. As the root of some symbolism and fetish meet in its lower development, this symbolist type of mind will be found believing that the shuffling of a pack of cards under certain conditions will leave the cards arranged in a series symbolical of a series of forthcoming events, or that the creases in the palm of a man's hand have a symbolical prophetic relationship to his forthcoming environment. In its higher it manifests itself in such intensely superstitious science as the transcendental comparative anatomy of Owen or in the symbolic system of theology developed in this present work. Comparative anatomy is always sliding towards mystic interpretations. In my days of study we worshipped "neplindia" and were on the verge of believing the cosmos a "highly modified neplindium." And the "schematic mollusc" has no ground for contempt of its elder brother, the microcosm. Yet many of us who reject each and every transcendentalism that is offered us, do still find it imperative to believe in spite of the absolute darkness that the whole of being has an interaction and correlation beyond the system of causes that the scientific method reveals.

The "Canon" has an indiscreet bickering preface by Mr. Cunningham Graham. Such a sentence as, "I take it that one of the objects of the author of this work is to sustain that in astronomy, in mathematics, in certain other branches of knowledge, the ancients knew a good deal more than modern men of science dare to admit," not only misrepresents the book, but is a quite unjust libel on the modern man of science. "Men of science understand the need of bold advertisement," he writes. He says nothing of the New Woman, but evidently has that scorn of the modern censor in mind; "Deal with sex problems (puriently of course), be mystic, moral or immoral, flippant, or best of all be dull, success is sure." The "*à la mode* philosopher" gets swift severe handling. Theosophy is trotted out,

as though the ancients had no such rag-tag and bob-tail of fools, and there is a vigorous "slanging" of the modern architect. But why Mr. Cunningham Graham should have used this preface as a fitting occasion to vent his miscellaneous spleen against the age which has intruded upon his lifetime, and to extoll the alleged wisdom of the ancients, does not clearly appear. It does little to recommend a thoughtful and laborious (if wrongheaded) contribution to theological study.

H. G. WELLS.

COARSE AND SEA FISH.

"The Anglers' Library." Edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell and Mr. F. G. Aflalo. 1. "Coarse Fish." By Charles H. Wheeley. 2. "Sea Fish." By F. G. Aflalo. London: Lawrence & Bullen.

WE may talk of the fascination of our delicate and scientific dry fly fishing on South Country chalk streams like the Hampshire Test or the Wiltshire Wylye, and of the glorious sensation imparted by the first rush of a clean-run salmon, but for a constant display of enthusiasm, patience, and hope, commend us to the average London angler for coarse fish. Think of what he has to carry down with him to the river-side—a porter's load for a strong man—of the time he has to get up on Sunday morning, after a hard week's labour, in order to catch an early train to the spot in Essex, Middlesex, Berks, or Hertfordshire to which he is bound; of the hours and hours he must often sit on that large green box of his before getting the ghost of a nibble; of the wet clothes and cold feet which he must sometimes endure during that process; and then of the comfortless journey back to town in the evening after, very likely, a blank or a practically blank day; think of these things, and confess that your enthusiasm in the pursuit of the aristocratic trout or salmon makes a poor show against that of the artisan angler of London and other large cities. Whether this large and sturdy class of on the whole good sportsmen hankers much after books on angling may be doubted; probably to see an angling paper once a week at "the Club" is as a rule quite enough to satisfy the hunger of such sportsmen for angling literature. There are, however, a large number of coarse fishermen who may be regarded by the publishers as fairly free risers at books on angling, and to these Mr. Wheeley's "Coarse Fish," the first volume of "The Anglers' Library," may well appeal. Mr. Wheeley is, we believe, well known in Thames angling circles, and, besides being a member of various angling societies, the names of which, owing to their length, do not invite enumeration, he enjoys the distinction of being "Honorary Assistant River Keeper to the Thames Conservancy." We may remark, in passing, that if Mr. Wheeley can induce that body to make a speedy and effective use of its recently acquired powers to stop the shameless and shameful pollution of the Mole, Wandle, and dainty little Chess, he will have done an even greater service to the angling community than that of writing a work on coarse fishing. Mr. Wheeley is nothing if not practical, and he plunges right into his subject at the outset with a dissertation on barbel and—to use his own rather fearsome participle—"barbeling." Barbel fishing, as carried out on the Thames today, is a distinct branch of angling in itself, and some of its votaries desire to hook that and no other species that swims. Big "takes" of barbel are still made on the Thames and elsewhere, the swims having been discovered, carefully watched, and well nursed by means of ground bait by the professional who makes his living by satisfying the cravings of certain moneyed anglers of both sexes for huge bags of this very unpalatable species of fish. But the barbel, like other coarse fish, seems to have diminished in numbers in the Thames and its tributaries during the last fifty years or so. In the days of the author of the "Art of Angling," a quaint treatise by no means "unworthy the perusal of most anglers," there were, we read, abundance of fine barbel in not only the Thames, but also "Hackney river," "Moulsey river," and elsewhere near town. In those days, too, the angler could get excellent baskets of roach and dace at Westminster Bridge, and might expect great sport among the perch at Twickenham.

The last-named fish had until recently become very scarce in at any rate the Lower Thames and bade fair to die out altogether, but as Mr. Wheeley points out, it has now been rehabilitated in various places even so far down stream as Walton. This species is rather a favoured one even with some out-and-out trout anglers, and we know of several chalk streams in Hertfordshire and elsewhere sacred to *fario*, where nevertheless a few perch are allowed to live in certain holes. The keeper does not trouble much about the hunchback of the stream—provided of course it does not grow too plentiful and invade the domains of the trout—but prefers to devote his destructive energies to the hard task of keeping down the freshwater shark. The perch is a rather handsome fish in colouring, which keeps for the most part to its own holes and does not, like the restless dace, make itself a nuisance to the trout fisherman by swimming up and down the shallows and by feeding ravenously on the *Ephemeridae*, large and small.

Writing of the eel Mr. Wheeley truly says that it is a puzzle to the wisest of anglers and scientists. Its migratory habits are less understood than those of our summer birds of passage. The eel travels a great deal—like the *Salmonidae*—during floods, and on dark nights; hence its life history is obscure. On dark nights, according to our author, large eels may often be taken. We have before us some entertaining notes concerning various fish compiled thirty years or so since by an old villager whose knowledge of one of the lesser chalk streams of Hampshire was exceptional—too exceptional perhaps from a water-bailiff's point of view. These notes were written for the guidance of an angling club, which has been since broken up, and they tell a sad story of the deterioration of salmon and sea-trout fishing in several streams flowing into the Solent. "Eels," says the local angler, "when the water is clear and the weather is very hot, will bite in the daytime if the person tries among weed or sedge; if they do not bite then, he should wait till the evening. It is of no use whatever to try of a bright night unless the water is thick, for although they will bite then the instant it is attempted to pull them out they let go as they reach the top of the water. . . . In rivers when the spring commences they swim against the stream, let it be ever so swift, and they will jump over hitches as well as salmon. I have seen them do so. If the water that runs over the hatches is no more in bulk than that which runs out of the nose of a pump, they will succeed most assuredly."

Mr. Aflalo, who in "Sea Fish" has produced the second handbook of the series, also knows his subject well, and is also practical. His book is decorated with pictures of many implements, some of them fearfully and wonderfully made from at least the standpoint of the intended victims. We have pollock reels, automatic stickers, revolving hand winders, and Mahteb spools, among many other sly contrivances, which form the artillery of the man who goes down to the sea to overcome the bass, plaice, mullets and mackerels thereof. The mysterious-looking Mahteb spool is designed to meet the difficulty the sea angler has in perceiving the finikin bites of certain fish prone to very gentle, almost imperceptible nibbles. The sea fisherman has a more difficult task in ascertaining the haunts of his quarry than has the freshwater angler, a fact which is shown by the author in his observations on what are known as "marks." An appendix explains how these "marks" are fixed upon as a means of rediscovering "certain submerged patches of rock or sand, themselves invisible, which are known to harbour fish." The "marks" are often well-kept secrets, as it is not deemed expedient to assist those who sail about with the object of filching the bearings of others. A somewhat similar state of things is occasionally witnessed in freshwater fishing; the greedy and unsportsmanlike angler being usually ready to get his trout or other species marked down for him by an innocent and industrious stranger.

THE SECOND LORD FALKLAND.

"Falklands." By the Author of "The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby." London: Longmans.

THE anonymous author of "Falklands" has produced a work whose merits are as obvious as and

certainly more numerous than its very obvious faults. In his previous essay in historical portraiture, the "Life of Sir Kenelm Digby," he initiated a biographical method of a peculiarly personal kind. Himself makes frank confession, in the preface to "Falklands," of the naïveté of his intention and methods. "This," he says, "is a book written with a purpose—to amuse the author. . . . Having become interested in some character or subject, I read everything bearing upon it that I can find; then I take up my pen and I write a review of such portions of the books and manuscripts thus read as are more or less to the point, giving my opinion with ample quotations, and ending by having the result printed and published in the form of a book."

There is an attractive simplicity about these admissions which goes far to reconcile the reader to the apparently amateurish incompleteness of the result. Indeed, our chief objection to the method is based upon the aspect of the printed pages, which everywhere bristle uncomfortably with quotation-marks, references, and foot-notes. Two-thirds of these might easily have been dispensed with, had the author's modesty allowed him to assimilate his material more completely. This apart, the book is a very forthright and skilful compilation, presenting a satisfying portrait of a man who, though his life was one of intention rather than achievement, remains one of the most picturesque figures in an important period of national history. Though he added nothing of permanent significance to our literature and scholarship, Lucius Cary, second Lord Falkland, was the honoured friend and helpful patron of nearly all the poets and scholars of his brilliant day; and though, as a statesman, he failed to accomplish his designs, there is as little question of their dignity and sincerity as of the courage and disinterestedness with which he sought to bring them to execution. The ironic gods, one must think, hail with prophetic chuckles the man of letters who quits his study for the camp and the court; but certainly they did not withhold from Falkland some touch of the heroic quality. Just at the time when the young Milton had retired to Horton, Falkland had withdrawn to Great Tew with his over-righteous wife Letice, and surrounded himself with the society he loved. His frequent saying, "I pity unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day," is accurately indicative of his natural temper: and for five years he was allowed to pursue his studies in the divine peace that is only known to the implicit scholar. With such friends as Clarendon, Sir John Suckling, Edmund Waller, Sandys, Ben Jonson and Sir Kenelm Digby constantly around him, one may suppose that even the inveterate and ostentatious piety of his wife did not greatly disturb him. The tragedy of his life began when, at the call of his theoretical loyalty to Charles, he left his seclusion and joined Holland's Horse on the comic expedition against the Scots. In all his subsequent relations with State affairs, we find this same devotion to what was purest in the monarchical system, coupled with a wise man's impatience with the monarch's follies, leading him to hopeless strife and useless sacrifice. His love of liberty was wholly academic, and those critics of his career are certainly alike unjust and inaccurate who denounce his secession to the King's party as a political apostasy. He went with Hampden so long as the policy of the Parliamentary party seemed consistent with the liberty and highest interests of the State; and the evidence brought forward by his latest biographer proves amply the sincerity of his reluctance to identify himself with the King's advisers. "He had naturally," says Clarendon, "a Wonderful Reverence for Parliaments . . . and it was only his Observation of the Disingenuity, and want of Integrity in this Parliament, which lessened that Reverence to it, and had disposed him to cross, and oppose Their designs." Certainly in taking office under the King, Falkland remained loyal to his own convictions. He had maintained that most of the King's wrong-doing was prompted by evil counsellors, and when the opportunity was offered of bringing to bear on Charles' mind the force of his own wisdom and integrity, he could not with honour have refused to embrace it. That he did not always advise the King to the best purpose may well be admitted, though it is by no means certain how far he was responsible for the siege of Gloucester; but in spite of

the severity with which he has been judged by Forster and Walpole, a later age will doubtless admit him to have been actuated by no motives lower than the highest. Of his last unhappy years his historian gives a pathetic and unquestionably accurate picture. There is something of Hamlet's tragedy in the story of this scholar forced against his will to assume the attitude of the man of action, and gradually losing his happiness and his strength under the stress of circumstances too stern. Some have described his death at the Battle of Newbury as a moral suicide, but even that fatal recklessness with which, at the head of Byron's troop, he flung himself against the enemy's bullets, is surely to be counted to him for valour. Moralists may find an easy text in his loyalty to conviction, and dramatists may miss a golden chance in neglecting to set his self-sacrifice for a principle in contrast with the similar loyalty of Strafford, who died for his personal devotion to the King's person. But here, meanwhile, is a history, faithfully and judiciously written, of one of the purest men in a day of political impurity; and we wish its author an equally happy subject for his next adventure.

SOME CLASSICAL BOOKS.

"Aristotelis De Arte Poetica liber. Recognovit brevique adnotatione critica instruxit J. Bywater literarum Græcarum Professor Regius, Oxonii."

WE hope that in his large edition which he promises Professor Bywater will give some reasons for the tenacity with which he adheres to the Paris codex commonly called A^c to the neglect of all other textual authority. We confess he seems to us sometimes to cling to A^c in defiance of Greek and sense alike. In 1449 b. 10 follows A^c as usual, only adding *διὰ*. But in what he sense can Tragedy and Epic be said to agree in employing a μέγα μέτρον? In 1447 b. 22 καὶ ποιητὴν of A^c is preferred to καὶ τοῦτον ποιητὴν of the Apographa. We are at a loss to guess how the reading of A^c can be interpreted. The editor is as deaf to the suggestions of other critics as he is to the evidence of other MSS. than A^c. He does not even mention Diels' certain *Μακροβιωτῶν* in 1457 a. 35, nor Professor Butcher's *ἐνὶ μέτρῳ* 1459 a. 19, conjectures which have been received with almost universal assent. The same may be said of Professor Butcher's *οὐ τὰ τυχόντα*, 1451 b. 14, which is strongly confirmed by the Arabic version, of which the editor boldly writes *plerumque neglexi*. Does he, then, see no force in Professor Butcher's preface to his second edition, which to us seems to demonstrate the primary importance of Arabs?

Professor Bywater admits a conjecture of his own, 1449 b. 1, which demands that *κωμῳδός* should mean "a comic poet." Does it ever bear that meaning? The use of *κωμῳδοίς* in the sense of "at the representation of comedy" cannot be quoted in its defence. In 1451 a. 3 he actually abandons *σωμάτων* of A^c for *συστημάτων*. Now we submit that *σωμάτων* is right and truly characteristic of Aristotle, as Professor Butcher has shown. In 1456 a. 1 ὅψις, excellent palæographically, entails an extraordinary want of co-ordination in the *εἶδη* of Tragedy, as will be seen by comparing the list given in chapter xxiv. We are certainly puzzled by Professor Bywater's critical method, and are unable to understand his utter neglect of the Arab interpretation, which was certainly based on a MS. far older than A^c, and which seems to us as essential evidence for the text of the "Poetics" as Γ is for that of the "Politics." Perhaps, however, his large edition will fully explain his point of view.

"The Works of Xenophon." Translated by H. G. Dakyns, M.A. London: Macmillan.

This is the second part of the third volume of a translation of Xenophon which is to be completed in four. The present instalment contains three essays: On the duties of a cavalry general, on horsemanship, and on hunting. The style of the translation is excellent, and shows scholarship and taste. It bears all the signs of being a labour of love; and a book which so affects the reader cannot be tiresome. Military experts, country gentlemen and that large class of persons who are fond of animals, that is, fond of putting them to death, should be interested in this translation. The introduction will be found by classical scholars to be

suggestive and instructive. The chapter on big game and pig-sticking does full justice to the unconquerable spirit of the wild boar, which, when transfixed, will "push his way right up the shaft, which he buries deeper in his body, so that he may get at the holder of the spear." Those eminent shikarees, Major Shakspear in "Wild Sports of India," and Captain Baden-Powell in "Pig-sticking" testify to having seen the pig do what Xenophon describes. Xenophon vigorously defends hunting, but always from the point of view of the huntsman. We observe that he does not, like some modern devotees of the chase, insist that the hunted animal enjoys the sport.

"Sophocles: the Text of the Seven Plays." With an Introduction by Professor Jebb. Cambridge Press.

The text is that of the annotated edition. The only important variation from it is in "Trach." 911, where he gives a place in the text to an admirable conjecture of his own, already mentioned and defended in the notes of the large edition. We are surprised that he did not hold over the present volume until he was in a position to add the fragments. The introduction of some forty pages deals solely with critical matters, and is written with that clearness, thoroughness and literary finish which the Cambridge Professor never fails to achieve.

"Poems from Horace, Catullus and Sappho, and other Pieces." By Edward Harman. London: Dent.

The question why persons, presumably of average intelligence in other matters, publish translations of the Odes of Horace is quite beyond our power of solution. The book before us has not even the interest of being the worst attempt ever made to perform this quite impossible feat. Mr. Gladstone has won that position, and will probably hold it long. What happiness is created, or misery assuaged, by this version of a well-known ode, which ode is printed on the opposite page?

Sir John to his Valet:

"I do not like your Jewish tastes,
I hate your furs and astrachan,
Melton and velvet's good enough,
Or was, to coat a gentleman.

"You need not trouble to inquire
What is the latest sort of hat,
Chapman and More have got my size,
And yours, and can attend to that."

Does Mr. Harman really think that vulgarity, bad grammar and halting metre are characteristic of the Odes of Horace, and that by introducing these qualities into his translations he will best convey to English readers the tone and manner of the Latin poet? Or does he think there is something funny in putting doggerel side by side with minute touches of delicate literary art? Perhaps so. Some persons would think it funny to stick a pipe in Laocöon's mouth, or put a top hat on Apollo. Yet we do not think Mr. Harman is of these. We fancy that he really admires the classical poets, and would not do them any harm. If so, let him do as at least ninety-nine of their readers out of every hundred are bound to do—let him permit them to speak for themselves, and let him not put his own words into their mouths. At his best he is a poor versifier and translator. At his worst—well, we have quoted his worst.

FICTION.

"Unkist, Unkind!" By Violet Hunt. London: Chapman.

THERE was once a man who cherished the idea of contributing an epic to literature. His down-sitting and his uprising were haunted by the epic; his murmurs, between mouthfuls of matutinal bacon, were Homeric; over his tea he heard the clash of warring heroes above the rattle of "A. B. C." cups and platters. Meanwhile, to cover incidental working expenses, he tossed off a pantomime, apologising to all his gods for the sorry shifts to which need of tea and bacon will put the conceivers of epics. The pantomime took, was performed—even paid for—and the poet blushed and cashed the cheque. With the help of a well-fed leisure the epic reached completion in its turn.

"Here," said the glowing poet, "you have my masterpiece."

"My dear sir, what a pity!" said the public, "and you who wrote so admirable a pantomime!"

Miss Violet Hunt will probably at this moment find herself in the position of the poet. Here has she given us a handsome tragedy, involving all the big bow-wow passions and the dragging of a set of characters through the deepest imaginable waters. And nine out of ten of her ungrateful readers will wave her back to the brilliant shallows of her earlier days.

"Unkist, Unkind!" offers as many varied attractions as a Tivoli play-bill. We begin with a little sorcery and crystal-reading; then comes a creditably amassed group of antiquarian and archæological details; then the stagey eeriness of the passion-smitten Sibella, with its not very impressive background of black cats, poison-rings and love-potions; and after this the deluge of her amorous jealousy and the final murder, inevitably foreseen by the reader, although the acute Miss Freeman has no foreboding of it. The murderess hides herself in an ancient tomb—which should be gruesome—and kills herself with a poison-ring when brought to justice, which should be horrifying or at least pitiful. The melancholy fact remains that we are left cold and untouched, our most definite emotion a wish that the cobbler had stuck to his last and one of our cleverest dialogue-writers to her writing of dialogue.

If, after reading conscientiously through "Unkist, Unkind!" one opens "The Maiden's Progress," and revives one's first impression thereof, the contrast is forcible. The earlier book affects no dealings with tremendous issues and achieves significance by the spontaneity of all its effects and the ready wit that strikes out a laugh at every page. Where has Miss Hunt laid her humour during the writing of this last novel? Where are her witty sayings? Lady Darcie rouses an occasional smile, but for the most part her flippancy is a little fatiguing; whereas Moderna is never suffered to be anything but amusing in her most intense moments. The dialogue in "The Maiden's Progress" may have been polished and re-polished: the result is still an effect of ease and naturalness that carries one away with it. That the views of life are crude and young and the male characters not strikingly convincing only helps the book. It seems to be taken throughout from a girl's standpoint and artistically kept within her limits. The author in the background suppresses herself, lets her people talk, and is responsible for their existence only. To read it is to see a brilliant drawing-room comedy, to which each actor, if not of the very first rank, lends life and movement. To read "Unkist, Unkind!" is to listen to the account of a tragedy, told by a dullish spectator. "Dear me, how dreadful!" is the tribute that it draws before being forgotten.

Miss Hunt would seem to be herself not unconscious of her difficulties outside writing of a lively, colloquial order. In venturing away from the safe shores of familiar dialogue, she takes one plank with her. Her story is told, not directly by herself, from whom much should be expected, but through the mouth of Miss Freeman, the uninspired "companion," carefully self-described as commonplace, with susceptibilities presumably a little coarsened by the winning of her bread as a "hack." "It would hardly be artistic," the author might argue, "to make this drudge, this tired woman, so alive to the dramatic as to impress us irresistibly with its force and convince us in the face of such huge improbabilities as compose her tale." The retort will be obvious to a writer who is far too discriminating not to feel by instinct when she falls below her proper level, loses distinction and risks flatness.

For the rest, Miss Hunt will not thank us for the faint praise we could readily bestow upon her book, in that it is as readable as most novels, shows conscientious working-up of the local colour, has a sensational interest of an unusual kind, &c. We but end where we began. New departures show enterprise. Without them many things would not be done which are done. But having given this particular new departure a fair trial, and done herself less than justice, Miss Violet Hunt, we hope, will take the hint, and leave Sibella gibbering in her barrow, while a second Moderna holds us captive in the ball-room.

"Mrs. John Foster." By Charles Granville. London: Heinemann.

Mr. Francis Atherton was a person of superfine instincts. We were introduced to him at Oxford, where he was strenuously engaged in despising athletics, contemning women, shuddering at religion, and on all other subjects turning out epigrams, as from a sausage machine, for the delectation of devoted admirers. One of the coterie was Mr. John Foster, whose great-nephew, Mr. Martin Fordyce, is by way of being editor of the chronicles. Mr. Foster was not naturally in sympathy with Mr. Atherton. A stolid English gentleman, he knew the difference between a turnip and a mangel-worzel, but was incapable of the delicate discrimination in the affairs of the senses and of the soul, in which Mr. Atherton was expert. Still, Mr. Foster was a devotee. Mr. Atherton had a half-sister, with whom Mr. Foster became acquainted when both, having finished their careers at Oxford, settled down on their ancestral estates, which chanced to be contiguous. Soon Mr. Foster and the damsel thought themselves in love with each other. To the surprise of both, Mr. Atherton approved. He urged the union on, and they were married out of hand. Then Miss Lois Fuller stepped upon the stage. She was the village school-mistress. Mr. Atherton and she were engaged in some dark intrigue. She had been seen to leave the young Squire's house at dawn. Villagers and the Rector of the parish thought that that meant the usual sin. They were wrong. Mr. Atherton had only been experimenting in mesmerism. However, she had been discharged from her post before her comparative innocence became known. In order to console himself, the young Squire "stood for the county;" but, not being Oxford undergraduates, the electors did not admire what they could not understand, and, after making two or three speeches, Mr. Atherton retired into private life. To theology also did he betake himself. That was in Rome, whither, accompanied by his sister, Mr. Foster's wife, he had repaired in the hope of recovering from a severe illness. The mystery of the ancient city, and that of the religion of which it is the radiating centre, sank into his versatile imagination. Tidings to that effect, gradually conveyed in a series of letters, shocked John, his Protestant brother-in-law. John was shocked, also, by the protracted absence of his spouse, and requested to have his conjugal rights restored. On one pretext or another, she put him off, and off, and off. At last, worn out by the inefficacy of her hints, she announced that if she returned to her husband she would be no better than a prostitute. Meanwhile it came out that Miss Lois Fuller also had turned up at Rome. One day Mr. Atherton took her for a sojourn in the country, and, as he himself wrote, "tried an experiment," which was such a distressing failure that Miss Fuller lost her reverence for him for ever, and abjured all the pleasures of the world by becoming a member of a Catholic sisterhood. The incident impressed Mrs. Foster so deeply that she too embraced the Church of Rome. Fain would she have embraced her half-brother instead; but that, she knew, was useless.

It will be seen that the motive of Mr. Charles Granville's novel is naïve. We cannot deny that he has skill in narrative. Indeed, the letters through which the story is told are written with some ability. Would that the talent had been put to a better purpose.

"Thro' Lattice Windows." By W. J. Dawson. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

"In Simpkinsville." By Ruth McEnery Stuart. London and New York: Harper Bros.

"Other People's Lives." By Rosa N. Carey. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

These three books belong to a class of fiction which is largely on the increase. They are intended as studies of village life and the workings of the rustic mind, the results of which have to be given a slight twist towards dramatic action to save the interest of the sketches. Miss Mitford set the ball rolling; Thomas Hardy infused a new element into her imitators; and now we have volume after volume showing an unconscious adoption of the two methods—the deliberate "Come, let us make a description," blended with commentless reporting of words and facts.

The three books we have taken as examples, oddly enough, show one and the same weakness in varying degrees. The American has the best of it. "In Simpkinsville" is a collection of really artistic short stories. Where the characters are allowed to speak entirely for themselves—as in "Weeds"—the humour is irresistible. Where the author helps them out by putting her own comments into the mouths of the bystanders and instituting a chorus for the reader's benefit, she invariably weakens her effect. One hears the voice of the clever, sentimental woman, anxious lest her pathos should escape notice, and by that anxiety damaging its power. The tragedy of "The Unlived Life of little Mary Ellen," for instance, loses its poignancy simply through the incessant eye-wipings and sighs of the chorus. By calling one's mind off the pity of the thing to the natural expression of that pity, the author relieves one of half its sadness. With her good idea of construction, her undoubted humour, and the interest of her plots, she should have given us a more effective book. However, it is witty and readable.

"Other People's Lives" is neither, to any remarkable extent. "Pleasing" is perhaps the appropriate adjective—pleasing, a little feeble, a little unreal, but tender and conscientious.

"Thro' Lattice Windows" is better work, and recalls "The Story of Hannah" which we were glad to praise last year. It is a shade too genial. Solomon Gill and the curate combined represent between them enough angelic virtue to stock several villages. In fact, such a thing as a black sheep is intolerable to the author, who proceeds to whitewash those few of the characters who show a wholesome speckling. The churls and bullies are proved to be in secret agonised widowers and adoring fathers: Lumsden the miser is the only villager for whom our sympathies are not vigorously stirred up. "The Man from London," for pure fun and neat writing, is one of the best sketches. All show too much of the author's point of view, and are too sympathetic, if that be possible, to impress us with a sense of their life and reality. The ideal village chronicle—which shall be that and nothing else—has still to be written for England. Irish peasantry have had some admirable biographers, and many an English novelist has given us Hodge, living and breathing; but not as his central and most important figure so much as comic relief or part of a picturesque background.

"The Outlaws of the Marches." By Lord Ernest Hamilton. London: Unwin.

Perhaps, if Mr. Blackmore had never written "Lorna Doone," Lord Ernest Hamilton would never have been inspired to write "The Outlaws of the Marches." But, on the whole, Lord Ernest justifies his raid upon his elder's demesnes. The story tells of the feud betwixt Elliot and Armstrong and the Border clans, in the latter part of the sixteenth century. There is a strong but sluggish hero, who naturally falls in love with the daughter of his hereditary enemies, while himself is hopelessly beloved by a woman of his own household; there is a bold-faced quean who is also enamoured of this lymphatic moss-trooper, and who saves his life, herself being pitifully slain; and there is the strong and lively villain who is finally vanquished by the hero, in a highly unsportsmanlike combat. Follows marriage and curtain. The story is a reasonable good story, after its kind, and is adequately told. But if Lord Ernest Hamilton insists, as he does, upon the rigour of seventeenth-century Scots in the dialogue, why, in the narrative, does he decline upon common nineteenth-century English? A mitigation of Scots in the dialogue, and a judicious infusion of idiom in the narrative, would have made a happier compromise.

"The Fate of Woman" (John Macqueen), by Francis Short, is not a disquisition on sex, especially, but a graphic account of a situation not altogether novel. The fate of woman, as represented by pretty Mrs. Paul Browne, is to have a commonplace husband and an interesting lover and to find the combination disturbing. Typhoid fever disposes of the lover; and the lady is left to rear her six plump children into "very nice, but perhaps a trifle proper and dowdy" young women and satisfactory men. The trite old story is given with a fresh-

ness and vivacity of humour that saves it from feebleness.

"Romance of a Rose" (Digby, Long), by M. S., is a somewhat surprising production, being no less than historical drama in blank verse. The metre is seldom faulty, the sentiments are quite above reproach; in fact, its extreme respectability is the most prominent feature of the whole thing. In the preface, the author modestly announces that "'Romance of a Rose' makes no claim to rank as a poem, the blank verse being but the recognised form for presentation of historical and romantic drama." The opening statement is very proper and nice, and disarms one at once. The rest of the sentence fills us with envy. In what paradise has "M. S." been sheltered that she (or improbably he) has never heard of the historical novel?

LITERARY NOTES.

AT a time when Emile Zola's name is on everybody's lips, and when the dearest ambition of his life—namely, "to write a novel in which Paris, with its ocean of roofs, should play a part, should be something like the antique chorus," is being realised, it may prove interesting to recall a few lines from one of his prefaces to his first attempt in that direction—viz., "Une Page d'Amour." "In the wretched days of my youth I lived in attics of the faubourg, whence the eye took in the whole of Paris. That huge Paris, indifferent and motionless, which was always there, in the framework of my window, seemed to me as the confident of my joys and sorrows. I have been hungry and have wept before it; and before it I have loved and experienced my greatest happiness." This is how some provincials love Paris; it is they and their like who have made it "The Beacon City" (la Ville Lumière), the politicians would fain transform it into a "City of Darkness."

The Rev. Professor Sayce is at present engaged upon two works, one on "Early Israel and the Surrounding Nations," to be published by Messrs. Service & Paton, the other on "The Life and Customs of the Babylonians and Assyrians," which will form part of a series of handbooks to be issued by Messrs. Scribner & Sons. Both will embody the results of the most recent archaeological research and discovery, and the second will be based upon the contract-tablets and letters, many of which go back to the reign of Sargon of Akkad, B.C. 3800, while others belong to the Abrahamic age. A considerable number of these has not yet been published.

Mr. H. G. Wells sends us another example of editorial methods in the States—"After the serial appearance of 'The War of the Worlds,' the second and third serial rights were secured by the 'New York Journal' and the 'Boston Post.' It was expressly stipulated, when the bargain was arranged, that no alteration or addition should be made to the story. The American papers then promptly altered the scene of the Martian descent to New York and Boston respectively, inserted flamboyant descriptions of the destruction of Brooklyn Bridge by the heat ray and so forth, and had finished the serial publication and the mutilated version of the story before the author learnt what had been done. Smart folks these American journalists! The author's remedy is not obvious."

A curious condition is attached to the possession of the manuscript of "In Memoriam." Tennyson, when he gave it to Sir John Simeon, specified that on the death of Lady Simeon it should return to the poet's son, and finally find a resting-place in the library of his old college, Trinity, Cambridge, where it now lies. The condition referred to is that the differences between the MS. and the published text shall never be made public.

The Italian Government are contemplating the formation of a special library of all the books which have been placed by order of the Pope upon the "Index Expurgatorius." The Vatican has lodged a protest on the grounds that the majority of the censured works are of an improper character, and that such an action would be an insult to public morality.

Mr. George Moore's new story, which bears the

prosaic title of "Evelyn Jones," will be published in the spring. It is now three years since his last novel, "Esther Waters," appeared, and achieved the distinction of being boycotted by the circulating libraries.

Early in the present month, Messrs. Chapman & Hall are issuing Mr. W. W. A. Fitzgerald's large work on British East Africa. The author's experience of the Coast Lands extends over two years, during which period he conducted a special mission from the Imperial British East Africa Company for the purpose of exploring and reporting upon the agricultural capabilities of the surrounding country. The book also includes an account of the expedition into the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, undertaken on behalf of the Government of the former island. The text is largely illustrated with photographs and maps.

The second volume of Mr. Laird Clowes's "History of the Royal Navy" has been unexpectedly held back owing to the author's ill-health, but Messrs. Sampson Low are now able to definitely fix the publication during the present month. The period covered extends from 1603 to 1714. Among the contributors are Sir Clement R. Markham, Mr. H. W. Wilson, Mr. L. Carr Laughton and the editor. To their already extensive list of naval works, Messrs. Sampson Low are adding yet another volume in Lieut.-Commander Jerrold Kelley's "United States' Navy; its Growth and Achievements." Some twenty-five coloured plates of fighting vessels and old ships have been drawn for it by Mr. Fred Cozzens, the well-known American marine painter. There are also over a hundred pen-and-ink sketches.

Mr. Bernard Berenson, whose works on art are familiar, is now engaged upon a study of the drawings of the Florentine painters, a catalogue and description of which are to be incorporated in a volume by Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen. Some two hundred facsimiles are to be included.

The public appears to have taken kindly to history in serial form. One of Mr. Fisher Unwin's happiest inspirations has been his "Story of the Nations" Series. The latest addition is Mr. Lewis Sergeant's volume on "The Franks," which treats of the race from its origin as a confederacy to its establishment as a kingdom. Mr. Sergeant displays a catholic impartiality in his choice of subjects, his previous work dealing with "Greece in the Nineteenth Century." Emboldened by the success of "The Story of the Nations," Mr. Unwin is preparing another series, entitled "The Library of Literary History," in the undertaking of which he has secured the assistance of some eminent men of letters, English and foreign. His contention is that "the history of intellectual growth and artistic achievement, if less romantic than the popular panorama of kings and queens, finds its material in imperishable masterpieces, and reveals to the student something at once more vital and more picturesque than the quarrels of rival parliaments." The initial volume is to be "The Literary History of India," by Mr. R. W. Fraser, whose "British India" appeared in the first-mentioned series. He has also attained some prominence as a Sanscrit scholar.

Messrs. Macmillan are attempting to popularise the Laureate's national lyrics by collecting a volume of them from various sources, and publishing it at the low price of a shilling. It is to bear the ambitious title of "Songs of England."

The death of Lady Camperdown comes almost on the eve of the publication of her husband's memoirs. "The Life of Admiral Duncan, First Viscount Camperdown," has been written by his grandson, the present peer.

Messrs. Blackwood have wisely reserved the issue of Sir George Baden-Powell's "Saving of Ireland" for the earlier stages of the present Parliamentary season. The Financial Relations Commission and the new Local Government Bill come in for liberal discussion.

Mr. W. G. Grace is at work upon a book of cricket

reminiscences, which is to see the light about the time that Stoddart's eleven returns from the Antipodes. One may look forward to some plain speaking from the champion.

The "Law Magazine and Review," the oldest of the magazines for the discussion of the theory and practice of the law, makes a fresh start this quarter under new editorship. It is much brightened up and contains some excellent articles. The magazine has seen some ups and downs since it was founded by Abraham Hayward seventy years ago, but it has always maintained a high standard and given a lead to those who see something in law beyond mere lists of cases.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

"Cosmopolis" this month is distinguished by a beautiful piece of fiction from the pen of Ferdinand von Saar, the author of the remarkable "Requiem der Liebe," which ran through some of the earliest numbers of the review. The author possesses in no small degree that quality which gave Tourgueneff the most perfect manner novelist ever possessed—the sensitive vision that is so under the control of the storyteller's intention, that anything so conscious as control would appear to be out of the question. At the end of the few pages occupied by "Sündenfall" we know the inside of the Protestant home in Vienna, its inmates, its way of life, with the swift completeness that comes when some happy reminder colours all the fibres of a personal recollection; so, also, we know the boy friend and some of his companions at school, and the unsightly restaurant where, unripe and dismally vicious, they force one another to play at being men. And with the presentation of these sights the story also has been told, not a look that does not build up the drama, not a piece of the drama that is not actually presented. The eye tells the story, and the eye sees so tenderly that there seems to be as little set description as there is set story-telling. Last month Mr. Hyndman indefatigably ground out some familiar Socialism, and this month Mr. Mallock caps his opponents' endurance by refuting him with some equally novel arguments—that, for instance, such men as Bessemer would, under a Socialist régime, have no incentive to invent improvements in machinery. On the subject of Alphonse Daudet, Mr. Gosse displays his pleasant skill in critical portraiture; in this kind of work Mr. Gosse is only comparable with himself, and it might be possible to prefer his "Coventry Patmore," or his "Barbey d'Aurévilly."

Mr. L. A. Corbeille, in his note on the eighteenth century etcher, Piranesi, makes some apology for the necessary deterioration such large work must undergo in reproduction for the small page of the "Dome," but one example, at least, "The Arch of Augustus at Rimini," suggests something of the beauty that must belong to the original. Mr. Laurence Housman contributes a bright and snappy (it is an American epithet of praise) little fairy tale, and Mr. Charles Holmes has a sympathetic note on Hokusai.

Without being exactly a Cassandra, Mr. Frederick Greenwood cannot resist the temptation of saying "I told you so" in his article on the Chinese business in the new number of the "Nineteenth Century." He reads us a strenuous sermon on the necessity for abandoning England's policy of isolation, and maintains that although no guns go off we are really at the present time at war with a syndicate of European Powers, but mainly with Russia. He points out that the peace philosophers made an enormous mistake when they declared that militarism and industrialism are essentially antagonistic. In reality, though the desire for glory which has caused so many wars in the past may no longer be a powerful force, the desire for trade supplies a greater incentive to war than glory ever was. Fire and sword are vowed to the service of trade, and trade considers naval and military expenditure wasted unless they conduce to its own expansion. England's share of the world's trade is so enormous that the Continental Powers are almost compelled, in self-defence, to form a "combine" or "syndicate" against us, determined, if not to get a part of our trade, at least to prevent us from getting a bigger share. This trade war, Mr. Greenwood thinks, began long since, and its field of operation is half the world in extent. It may be that from first to last this war may be carried on without bloodshed, for bloodshed is not the object of war, but conquest, and conquest is fulfilled by surrender. There have been so many surrenders on our part of late that it seems as if we were losing the battle, and if the latest rumours with regard to the Chinese Loan negotiations are true, we have just made the biggest surrender of all. Mr. Greenwood does not conceal his opinion that the policy of isolation is a mistake, and that it is our duty to seek an ally. What nation should be this ally he does not say, but he is convinced that a Japanese alliance would be fatal to us, and moreover an act of treachery towards the welfare of the whole human race. Mr. Henry Birchenough, Vice-President of the Macclesfield Chamber of Commerce, follows with an article on the expansion of Germany, but is of opinion that the hopes and dreams of Germany and her ruler have come too late, and that the opportunity for creating a greater Germany beyond the seas has gone by. Germany's commercial future may be very bright, but Mr.

Birchenough thinks her Colonies are so many hostages given to fortune. Mr. Clavell Tripp writes of German trade in the East from his own personal experience during a long residence in Sumatra. With a comfortable optimism he believes that the expansion of German trade is, in reality, only in cheap and inferior markets in which it would be unwise for British manufacturers, with any regard for their reputation, to attempt to compete with them. The dignity of commerce, he declares, suffers at the hands of Germans; they are shop-keepers always; merchants, never. Of Mr. Swinburne's new verses, with which the number opens, it need only be said that they are in his characteristic later manner.

An unsigned article in the "Contemporary Review" for February also treats of the Chinese question, apparently with inside knowledge. Mr. J. F. Fraser, one of the three cyclists who crossed China from Burmah to Shanghai in the course of their journey round the world, writes of our trade with Western China. He is of opinion that the province of S'ch'uen is the part of China to which English merchants should direct their attention, that the course of trade with this province will not be through Burmah, but down the Yang-tse-kiang, and that for the traders who first start steamers to Chung-King there waits a fortune. Unless English capital undertakes this work it will fall into the hands of the Japanese, whilst the French are already bargaining with the Viceroy for concessions to work the rich silver and copper mines of the district. Austria as an Empire is in danger of breaking up, according to an article by Mr. N. E. Prorok. It cannot, he maintains, be called a nation in the sense in which England, France and Germany are nations, since it is devoid of unity in race, religion, literature and law. To-day it is a Dual State, officially known as Austria-Hungary. To-morrow it may become Austria-Hungary-Bohemia. At present it is German, and the corner-stone of the Triple Alliance. Soon it may have become Slav, and the friend of Russia. Like all other writers on Austrian politics, Mr. Prorok looks to the Emperor Francis Joseph as the only influence which makes for unity, and the only way out of the present difficulties of the Dual Monarchy, he believes, will be found in a reform of the system of Parliamentary representation carried through by the Emperor's influence. A "Member of the Head-quarters' Staff" writes on the question of Army Reform. He contents himself, however, with merely comparing the statements of Mr. Arnold Forster and Sir Arthur Haliburton, with a manifest bias in favour of the present system. He seems to believe that if the War Office were allowed by Parliament to call out the men of the Reserve during the first year after they have left the Army, all difficulties with regard to small wars would disappear. The Admiralty finds a friendly critic in Mr. Fred. T. Jane, who, in an article on the British ship of war, finds much fault with the "naval experts" of the Press, for demanding increased armaments in our ships. Over-gunning is, he says, the principal fault in foreign navies, and for this reason foreign war-ships are less sea-worthy, and will be less effective in action than our own. He urges the Admiralty not to give way in this matter to "expert" opinion, as it has recently shown some signs of doing.

"Blackwood's Magazine" is again regretfully retrospective in its article on "The Crisis in China,"—while Russia has been making herself the inevitable protector of China, England has been failing to press the fulfilment of treaties, has, in fact, been conducting her affairs on the theory that "the Chinese Government was to be pampered, whereas what it really needed was kindly coercion." The most noticeable point in a review of Mrs. Bishop's book on Korea is contained in the statement that Japanese power in the East is definitely limited by the fact that Japan is not a Christian nation, does not possess, as the reviewer adds in explanation, "the mind that was in Christ." Professor Robert Wallace reviews the question of fodder and milk for Indian troops in his account of the Allahabad fodder and dairy farm. There is also an article on Spain and its government, a history of the loyal Oglethorpe ladies, a sketch of John Nicholson and a survey of the Gordon families.

It is a pleasant, a notably pleasant, "Temple Bar" this month. The anonymous story of a young political agent's troubles in an Independent Native State on the Malay Peninsula is instructive, the companion picture of an Oriental princess adrift in Paris contains entertaining possibilities, and the two babes, the cat, the monkey-dolls and Monsignore in a third story, make attractive company. The characters of the priest in "Notre Bon Ami" and of the mother, "Lipa Sidorovna," are nicely felt, and Mr. Ross's Malay community in the Cocos-Keeling Islands is as odd a subject as writer or reader could wish.

"The Atlantic Monthly" is probably the most continuously and evenly well-written monthly that makes any appearance in England, only sometimes it happens, as in this January number, that the American affection for the large impersonal generalities of a great subject swells overmuch, for English taste at least. Mr. L. Godkin's "The Growth and Expression of Public Opinion," Mr. Henry G. Chapman's "Belated Feudalism in America" (concerning Art and Faith) and Mr. Eugene Wambaugh's "The Present Scope of Government"—to say nothing of the very "trendful" review of Sudermann, Wildenbruch and Hauptmann, by J. Firman Coar—these are severally enormous, their conjunction is almost an enormity.

The most interesting contribution to "Harper's" is the first

part of Du Maurier's paper on "Social Pictorial Satire," dealing with Leech. It is a delightfully swift and intimate piece of appreciation—the taste, so to speak, that Leech leaves in the month, Leech with his tenderness for his darlings in crinolines and their hardly less beautiful cousins with whiskers, for the good pater and materfamilias into which these dear creatures are transformed after an unruffled course of innocent flirtation. Leech, with his reverence for horse and gun, his pretty fancy in jolly little street arabs, cabmen, busmen and pot-hatted policemen.

The "Century" opens with an account of the amazing feats of strength and address performed by celebrated members of the New York Fire Brigade. Mr. H. Phelps Whitmarsh and Mr. A. Castaigne combine to present "The Steerage of To-Day."

"The Jewish Quarterly" publishes Mr. Joseph Jacobs' apology for the study of Anglo-Jewish history, a capable indication of the part that Jews played before and after the expulsion.

Mr. Eric Parker puts before the readers of "Longman's" the drawbacks in the career of assistant masters in preparatory schools. Even if his schemes fail to find acceptances, his pictures should do something towards making the career less easy to fall into—and this is his chief desire.

FRANCE.

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(For This Week's Books see page 220.)

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THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

Across Country (John Gilbert). Digby, Long. 3s. 6d.
 Against the Tide (Mary Angela Dickens). Hutchinson. 6s.
 Aisles, The Leading (Vol. I.). Gardiner.
 Armstrong, John (Major Greenwood). Digby, Long. 6s.
 Atlantic Monthly, The (February).
 British Military Stations Abroad (D. Jewell). Sampson Low. 3s. 6d.
 Canada, North-Western, Routes and Mineral Resources of (E. J. Dyer). Philip. 6s.
 Chaucer, Geoffrey, The Works of (A. W. Pollard). Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
 Christina (Mrs. C. Dunstaffnage) Boyd. 2s. 6d.
 Church Towers of Somerset, The (Piper and Page). Frost & Reed.
 Church's Opportunity, The (Rev. M. Crofton). Stock.
 Classical Review, The (February).
 Cleo the Magnificent (Z. Z.). Heinemann. 6s.
 Cranford (Mrs. Gaskell). Service & Paton. 2s. 6d.
 Dante, The Inferno of (E. Lee-Hamilton). Richards. 5s.
 Daughter of Austria, A (E. P. Oppenheim). Arrowsmith. 1s.
 Debreit's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1898.
 English Grammar, Principles of (G. R. Carpenter). Macmillan. 4s. 6d.
 Evolutional Ethics and Animal Psychology (E. P. Evans). Heinemann.
 Father John (Alexander Whyte). Anderson. 2s.
 For the Religion (Hamilton Drummond). Smith, Elder. 6s.
 Forgotten Sin, A (Dorothea Gerard). Blackwood. 6s.
 Foursome at Rye, A (John Somerville). J. L. Deacon.
 Garden, The (February).
 Geographical Journal, The (February).
 Goldfields of Alaska to Behring Straits (H. de Windt). Chatto & Windus. 15s.
 Hawaii, The Story of (Jean A. Owen). Harper. 3s.
 Hernani (Victor Hugo). Richards. 3s. 6d.
 Horace, The Works of (William Coult). Longmans. 5s.
 Idler, The (February).
 Indian Mutiny, A History of the (T. Rice Holmes). Macmillan. 12s. 6d.
 Indian Village Folk (T. B. Pandian). Stock.
 Jesuit Relations, The (Vol. XII.) (R. G. Thwaites). Burrows.
 Laboratory Arts, On (R. Threlfall). Macmillan. 6s.
 Longer Flights (Mrs. Alexander Ireland). Digby, Long. 6s.
 Many Memories of Many People (M. C. M. Simpson). Arnold. 16s.
 Modern Problems and Christian Ethics (W. J. Hocking). Gardner, Darton. 3s. 6d.
 Motion (Rev. Walter McDonald). Browne & Nolan.
 New Quest, The (Angus Rotherham). Nutt. 6s.
 Poems and Sonnets (James Kenwick). Gardner.
 Postage Stamps of Europe, The Adhesive (Part IV.) (W. A. S. Westoby). Upcott Gill. 1s.
 Prisoners on Oath (Sir Herbert Stephen). Heinemann. 1s.
 Psalms, A Summary of the (D. D. Stewart). Stock. 1s. 6d.
 Religious Pamphlets (Rev. Percy Dearmer). Kegan Paul.
 Rob Roy (Sir Walter Scott). Nimmo. 3s. 6d.
 Rough Justice (M. E. Braddon). Simpkin. 6s.
 Round Towers of Ireland, The (Henry O'Brien). Thacker. 12s. 6d.
 Royal Navy List (January). Lean.
 Shadows and Fireflies (Louis Barac). Unicorn Press. 3s. 6d.
 Shipping World Year-book, The, 1898 (Major Jones).
 Shrewsbury (Stanley J. Weyman). Longmans. 6s.
 Strategy: Letters on General Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen (2 Vols.). Kegan Paul.
 Thomson, James (William Bayne). Anderson. 1s. 6d.
 Westward Ho! (Charles Kingsley). Constable. 3s. 6d.
 Women's Education, Progress in (Countess of Warwick). Longmans. 6s.

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Profit for Quarter	£41,343 7 3
	94,651 3 8
	£135,994 10 11

REVENUE.

Gold Account	£90,230 2 2
Cyanide Works—Profit on Working	25,127 9 4
Concentrates Sold	20,636 19 5
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- To appoint Auditors for the ensuing year, and to fix the remuneration of the present Auditors.
- To transact any business which is brought under consideration by the Report of the Directors, and for any other General Business.

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EXPENDITURE.	Cost.
To Mining Expenses	£11,820 6 1
Transport	259 1 6
Milling	2,420 17 4
Cyanide	1,690 5 8
General Charges	2,367 1 2
Mine Development	352 14 1
Profit for Month	£18,910 5 10
	22,763 13 5
	£41,673 19 3

REVENUE.

By Gold Accounts—	Value.
6,585'447 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill	£27,777 0 5
3,303'875 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Cy. Works	13,896 18 10
9,889'322 ozs.	£41,673 19 3

The Tonnage mined for month was 18,055 tons, cost	£11,499 15 1
Add quantity taken from stock 480 "	320 11 0
Less waste rock sorted out 18,541 "	11,820 6 1
Milled Tonnage 3,325 "	£11,820 6 1

The declared output was 12,298'15 ozs. bullion = 9,889'322 ozs. fine gold. And the total yield per ton of fine gold on the Milled Tonnage basis was—12 dwts. 23'965 grs.

H. R. NETHERSOLE, Secretary.

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An urgent appeal is made to raise funds. Will each reader of this appeal who believes in saving the children and sympathises with the work done for their benefit in these ships and homes, kindly send a contribution for the support of the children? Contributions are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by the London and Westminster Bank, 214 High Holborn, W.C., and by

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